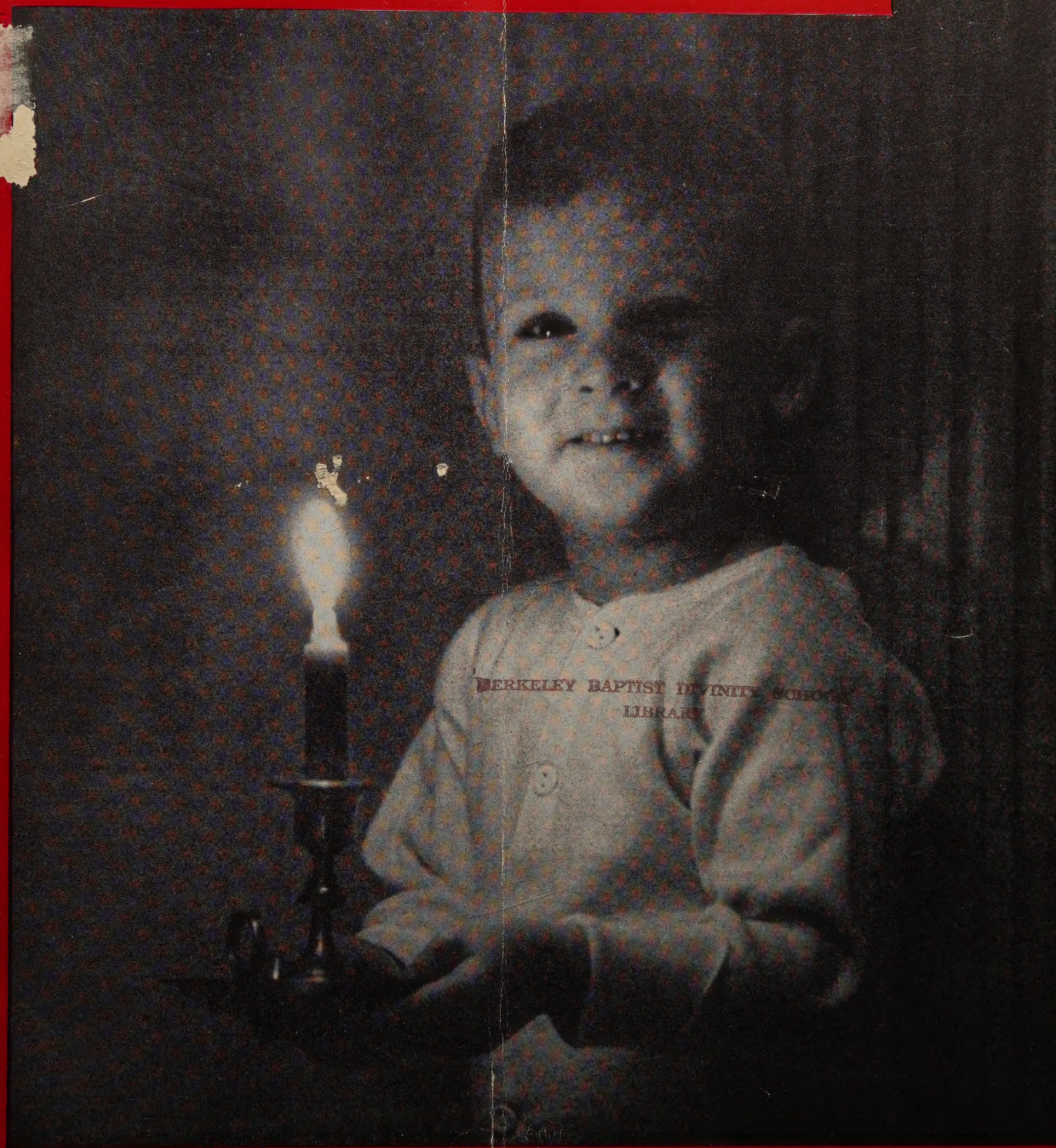


The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

- **Vocations: The Christian in Politics—*Jerry Voorhis***
- **How Grown-Up Are You?—*Isaac K. Beckes***

JANUARY, 1953 - 25c

v. 5
1953

The **Hearthstone** Magazine for the Christian Home



109432

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

IDA PARKER BIEBER, *Assistant Editor*

Contents

ARTICLES

The Christian in Politics	Jerry Voorhis	2
How Grown-up Are You?	Isaac K. Beckes	4
Family Life in India	Mr. and Mrs. Glenn R. Hill	6
Facing Up to Military Service	Joseph H. Hartberg	12
When We Go to Church Together (Study Article)	Elizabeth Norton Jones	14
The Peace of Our Children	Lucille Franchi	17
Is It Fair to Have Children?	Anna Laura Gebhard	20
For a Safe New Year—At Home	Louise Price Bell	23
The Astonished Prophet	Halcyon M. Thomas	28
Emotional Contagion	Wayne C. Clark	30
"It Takes a Heap o' 'Livin' ".	Martha Whitehead	35
Commonsense for Home Emergencies	Walter King	39

FICTION

By Candlelight	Martha Carr Hanna	9
For This Food	Joyce Knudsen	32
Stories for Children		
Scrubby Tail, the Squirrel.	Barbara Smucker	26
Jeanie and the Night.	John A. Cappon	27

FEATURES

This Is the Way We Did It: Put the New Year on File	Rosalie W. Doss	16
Biblegram	Hilda E. Allen	22
Resources for Worship in the Family with Young Children		24
Prayer of a Homemaker	Ruth C. Ikerman	36
Family Counselor	Dr. George W. Crane	37
All in the Family	Harold Helfer	40
Books for the Hearthside: Africa	William J. Keech	41
For Good Times in the Home		
Come to My Party	Eleanor Hammond	42
Indoor Plays for Mother's Busy Days	Loie Brandom	43
Study Guide	Elizabeth Norton Jones	45

Published Jointly Each Month By

Christian Board of Publication
WILBUR H. CRAMBLET, *President*
2700 Pine Boulevard, St. Louis 3, Mo.

The American Baptist Publication Society
LUTHER WESLEY SMITH, *Executive Secretary*
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Vol. 5

Editorial Committee

Glenn McRae, *Editor-in-Chief*
Jessie B. Carlson, *Children's Editor*
Juanita Purvis, *Associate Children's Editor*
Ray L. Henthorne, *Youth Editor*
George S. Caroland, *Associate Youth Editor*
E. Lee Neal, *Adult and Family Life Editor*
J. D. Montgomery, *Director Family Life*

Benjamin P. Browne, *Director Christian Publications*
Marian Brawn, *Children's Editor*
Elizabeth Tibbals, *Assistant Children's Editor*
Lawrence Fitzgerald, *Youth Editor*
Betty Poff, *Intermediate Editor*
Ann Tatman, *Audio-visual Editor*
Robert G. Torbet, *Uniform Lesson Editor*
Francis E. Whiting, *Adult Editor*
Joseph J. Hanson, *Director Family Life*

No. 1

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

All books and printed matter referred to in *Hearthstone* may be ordered from either publishing house. All prices are subject to change without notice.

The Scripture quotations are from the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible, copyright by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A., 1952. Used by permission.

Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

Copyright 1952 by the Christian Board of Publication and the American Baptist Publication Society

Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Clock-Wise Chat

A new year—a new date line (or an old one with the last digit smudged)—new hope, new ambitions for the future—thankfulness for the past year's joys. . . . How the thoughts rush in as we substitute a crisp new wall calendar for the faded old one, or discard last year's scratched-up desk calendar and replace it with a challenging blank one. Quite unperturbed by all these goings-on is the clock on the wall. But if you want to see an unperturbed clock, you should see a time clock.

A time clock has no sense of human relations; it has no heart, only hands and a face, with a slot in its head. You're late (Junior spilt his milk and your clothes got in the path of the deluge). You tell the clock your troubles. It says nothing. You punch it, "8:11" it mechanically records. Wrong tactics! You sing its praises with quotations: "Time's the king of men." "Time is the great physician." "... the stuff life's made of." Next time you're late, you dash up to the clock and courteously state your case. Unperturbed, it answers: "8:15."

● This issue. . . Please forgive us if we say, "A lot of timely articles." But read . . . and see! With the new year, a new series of articles on vocations. The first—A Christian in Politics—by one. For parents who want to make a New-Year self-analysis: How Grown-up Are You? For families with teen-age sons: Facing Up to Military Service. For parents of little children: The Peace of Our Children; the worship pages; two children's stories. For everyone: For a Safe New Year—at Home; Family Life in India; books on Africa.

Special treat, on page 20: a black-and-white reproduction of a beautiful painting, "Mother and Child," by the American artist J. Gari Melchers. The original hangs in the Art Institute of Chicago.

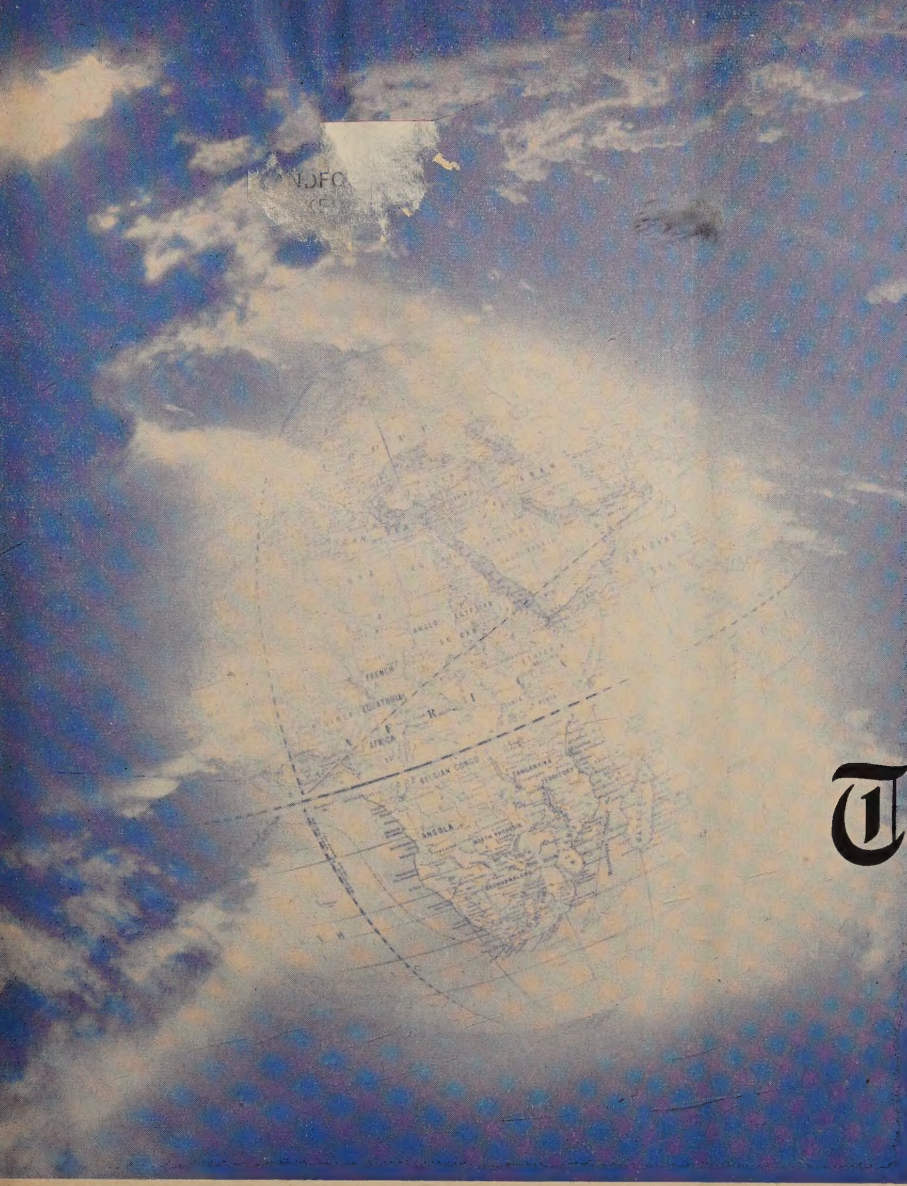
Our Cover.—See page 34.

Next Month . . .

With just a few ticks left before presstime, let's look at next month's titles: The Christian in Medicine; Youth and Drug Addiction; The Richest Man in the Graveyard (by one who refused the role); You Can Help War-Tense Youth; Homework for Ma and Pa (real help for parents). And more! But the clock is unperturbed! *The ticks are all!*

Picture Credits

Aschen-Brenner Studio, cover; Eva Luoma, page 1; Devaney, pages 2, 3, 26; Gedge Harmon, page 5; George Harris from *Black Star*, page 17; Elizabeth Hibbs from *Monkmeyer*, page 29; Frank B. Ross, page 30.



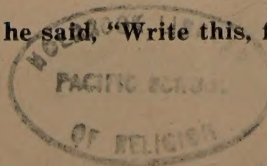
A Word *from* **The Word**

All Things New

Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband; and I heard a great voice from the throne saying, "Behold, the dwelling of God is with men. He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them; he will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away."

And he who sat upon the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new." Also he said, "Write this, for these words are trustworthy and true."

—Revelation 21:1-5.





By **JERRY VOORHIS**

A.B., Yale; A.M., Claremont College. U.S. Representative from the 12th California District, 1937-47; succeeded by Richard M. Nixon

The CHRISTIAN

problems and decisions of modern politics?

Principle of Human Brotherhood

First is the principle of human brotherhood. The Christian in a position of political responsibility can certainly ask himself whether this, that or the other act or measure will or will not advance the cause of human brotherhood. Sometimes the issue is clear enough. Sometimes the issues are so confused that it is hard to decide which course is the right one from the Christian viewpoint. But at least this is one principle which is so basic to every teaching of Christ that we can say that political measures which tend to erect barriers between people or to perpetuate or create artificial distinctions between them are unchristian, whereas measures which tend to break down barriers, distinctions and special privileges are in accord with the mind of Christ.

A devoted Christian "must always be prepared to stand on his Christian principles and to go down to defeat if need be." Well might the author punctuate his words with forensic gestures of the man shown here.

IS FULL DEVOTION to Christ compatible with an active career in politics? The answer to that question is yes. But the task of the Christian in politics is not an easy one.

The church and Christians generally owe much to the institutions of democracy. Only in a free society can truly Christian relationships among groups of people be developed. Only in a free society is there opportunity for the Christian conscience to have its impact on the course that society is to follow.

But politics in a democracy is a business of compromise. It is a business of reconciling the differences in viewpoint of many groups and interests and of fusing them together into national policy. No one can have his own way completely.

Christian Principles

Because it is a business of compromise, a devoted Christian can

expect no long or continuously "successful" political career. He must always be prepared to stand on his Christian principles and to go down to defeat if need be.

Now, when we speak of "Christians," we mean people who have given unqualified allegiance to Christ and his two great commandments—people who endeavor to express practically the full implications of the gospel teachings in all phases of their lives.

When such people decide, as they sometimes do, that it is their Christian duty either to accept a governmental appointment or to run for election to political office, they need some principles to which they can relate their action. They need principles derived directly from the gospel teachings, in the light of which they can guide and judge their own actions.

What are some of these principles—Christian principles—which are practical and applicable to the

Every Christian is in politics every time he votes. To vote for the right persons, the right party and the right principles, he must watch the day-to-day record of those in office.

Here, a Christian in politics presents a practical all-party platform on which true Christians will want to take their stand. Unlike political party platforms, it is not to be disregarded after elections. And its principles apply in local precinct or international assembly.

N POLITICS

Principle of Mutual Aid

The second principle is not unlike the first one. It is the principle of mutual aid. Upon voluntary mutual aid are built most of the truly Christian relationships among people. So, if any political measure or law or decision encourages the practice of mutual aid among groups of people, it is, from the Christian standpoint, a good and worth-while measure. But if it has the opposite effect, restricting such opportunities or erecting barriers in their way, then it is bad from the Christian point of view. A whole political program could be built on this one principle. Indeed, many programs now in effect in our country, some with government encouragement—more without—depend for their success upon a high degree of willingness on the part of the people to render mutual aid to one another.

In a world shrunk in size, what each one does takes on greater, not less, importance. The Christian

in politics should therefore heed the words of Jesus: "You shall love your neighbor as yourself" (Matt. 19:19).

Principle of God's Intended Use

The third principle which can give the Christian in politics a guidepost for his action may be called the "Principle of God's Intended Use." Since the whole earth and all of its riches, and the resources of the mind of man as well, are the gifts of God to his children, it becomes the Christian's duty to find out God's intended use of each natural resource and of each human invention, and then to do what he can to see that it is devoted to that use.

Many examples of the application of this principle could be given. For example, we may be sure that the fertility of the soil was intended as a means of sustaining life, not only of this generation but of the many, many more to follow. We may be sure it is contrary to God's will, therefore, to permit that fertility to be wasted or eroded. We may be sure, again, that the power of falling water and the wealth of the forests were intended to bless all men rather than to be exploited by a few. And what about the institutions men have created, such as the institution of constitutional government? The authors of the American Declaration of Independence said that governments are instituted among men to protect their rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We may be sure, may we not, that God's intended use of this invention of his children is no less than that. We



may be sure he looks upon government, not as an engine of oppression upon the many by a few self-appointed rulers, but rather as a means of tempering the inordinate power of the strong and of assuring to the ordinary people of the earth a fair chance at a full, decent life. And, finally, it is certain that when God endowed each atom of his universe with a latent power that beggars description, he had no intention that it be used for the destruction of the human race. The Christian in politics, therefore, is called upon to do everything in his power to establish an order of peace in the world and to protect that order against every threat.

Christian Influence Needed at Local Level

Then there are some self-evident duties—and opportunities—for the Christian in politics. One of them is to pursue a policy of honest dealing. Another is to combat vice and crime. Still another is to give assurance to children that they will have a decent environment in which to grow to manhood or womanhood. All these are primarily the concern of local government. And indeed it is in local

(Continued on page 47.)





New Year's Day is a good time to ask . . .

How GROWN-UP ARE YOU?

IF YOUR CHILD were picking a parent, would he pick you? If your adolescent could, would he hunt other parents? Don't worry, you are probably in no great danger of repudiation. Blood is thicker than water, and the truth of the matter is that few adolescents would want to admit they are attached to the wrong family. You can depend upon your youngsters to rise up with a touch of family sentiment and defend you as a father or mother. Nevertheless, these questions open interesting possibilities, and some of us may be better parents if we give them serious consideration.

In making the self-analysis required to answer the two questions just propounded, you will ultimately be confronted with a troublesome third: How grown-up are you? Since this is the crux of the matter, square your shoulders, grip the arms of your chair, and take a good long look at yourself under a penetrating light.

To be grown-up is an essential characteristic of every successful parent. In other words, the parents' achievement of personal maturity is necessary to the well-being of the family, especially of the children, and of the adolescent children in particular. Young people are confused, handicapped and often humiliated by parents who are still emotionally undisciplined. How can there be basic and happy unity in homes where there are nagging, shouting, and

wrangling parents? Children cannot find a real sense of personal security in homes torn by emotional upheavals. Young people are ashamed to have friends know that their parents are not grown-up. Pride in the home is missing. The bloom of love is cut down in bickering families before it flowers.

BUT how does a parent know his rating in this business of "growing up"? A few questions may help individuals find themselves on the scale of emotional maturity.

As parents are you still partners? Or have you drifted apart, and are you now just living together? Remember, at the beginning of your marriage when your love was fresh, you felt your partnership was unlike any other in all history. Every relationship was full of considerate tenderness. You talked of living as one instead of two. If that sense of oneness is gone, what happened? Well, many things may have happened, but essentially the problem is traceable to the lack of emotional stamina. It is in the stability of a fine parental comradeship that children find security, sincerity, and the love that makes life beautiful.

Are you still trying? Or do you catch yourself saying in defense of some personal incompetency, "I'm that way, and you may as well make the most of it"? If you make the family adjust to your idiosyncrasies, you have stopped

trying to become a more competent parent, and are in danger of becoming one of your family's problems. Every parent will have enough personal quirks requiring understanding without adopting the "take-me-just-as-I-am" attitude. If continuing personal development is evidence of "growing up," then certainly this attitude is an indication of immaturity. The truth is, families have to accept their members, but they are happiest if those members are still growing persons.

The ideal parent, the one who is still a growing, maturing person, leads his family in a continuous adventure. In the continuing development of family life, the parent leads, but the various members learn to share in making decisions and in bearing responsibility. The ideal parent strives to build a sense of unity in the family without sacrificing individual interests. He does not presume to be right always, or permit others so to presume. To him, life is growth, and growth is learning.

Can you take it? Adolescents are sometimes extremely critical of their parents. Can you take it? Graciously, that is? As adults, we hand out criticism to our youngsters for ten, fifteen years, or more. It is not surprising, therefore, that children come up with their own suggestions after a while. "Mother, that hat is simply unbearable!" "Dad, you're just an old fogey!" Adolescents can be brutally frank.

Many parents refuse to take children's criticism seriously. Yet, the ability to give criticism in good spirit and accept it graciously is a basic criterion of "grownupness."

How about your personal habits? Habit determines most of the activities of our lives. Habits of work, speech, and play lead to happiness or frustration. Not getting along with people is a habit. Courtesy is a habit. Orderliness is the result of habitual effort. Those who cultivate good habits will have more time, more fun, and probably live longer than those who are enslaved by haphazard patterns of living.

Children are decidedly influenced by the habits of their parents. Untidiness, bad grammar, personal incompetency are usually traceable to the child's home. Parents who never arrive on time will have children who are continually tardy. Much adolescent insecurity is the consequence of instability in family relationships. Bad personal habits in the lives of parents inevitably produce emotional tension in children. Orderly, well-organized lives are evidence of maturity. They afford freedom for the more creative activities of human endeavor.

Are you a positive person? If your day dawns brimming with possibility, if night brings rest and a sense of accomplishment, if you can convert life's disappointments as well as its triumphs into personal opportunities, then you are a positive person and emotionally "grown up."

By the same token, if you more easily see what's wrong than what's right, if you typically see the dangers in most courses of action, then you are a negative person, and you will be coloring your child's viewpoints with inhibitions to living rather than challenging him with potentialities.

With very few exceptions, those who attain worthy goals are positive people. They communicate their exuberance for life. Their days are full of the affirmative, of "yes" rather than "no."

Are you really concerned for others? Of course you are! No Christian person could admit being

otherwise. But our minds play tricks on us, find excuses for exploiting people, even our children, for our own ends. Many a willing daughter becomes a scullery maid as soon as she is old enough to do the housework. Adolescent sons have a way of inheriting all the family chores. High school seniors are denied the privilege of college because parents prefer a few dollars board-and-room money to richer prospects for their children. Psychological case histories are full of stories of frustrated parents trying to achieve their lost dreams in the lives of their offspring.

Being concerned for others means a willingness to help others live their own lives. It means stretching the bonds of love and human compassion to include all members of our own families, those of the Christian community, and, yes, ultimately, to achieve a sense of unity with all people the world around.

Does your life include God? Here is the crucial test of maturity. Religious thinking is the highest type of human thought. The divine-human encounter is life's greatest experience. If God is your refuge, you have an abid-

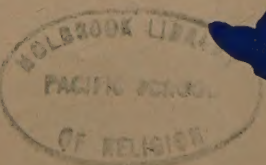
ing security. If God is your hope for salvation, your eternal destiny is sure. But even more than these, if God has possessed your life, you are become his partner and friend, his child and heir.

No richer possession can be left to your child than a working friendship with God, a friendship that will lift all of life's endeavors into the sacred. Wealth, possession, talent, and power are dissipated under the bludgeoning of human events, but God abides as the supreme relationship. The grown-up parent will strive to leave this divine heritage to his child.

No matter how emotionally crippled you are, if you have patience and courage you can triumph over almost every weakness. For growing up is really a matter of becoming a better person. It has no end, but is a "process of becoming" that continues throughout life.

The sin is not in being immature but in refusing to become more mature. In other words, parents' emotional failures come from refusing to face what they see in their own mirrors, facing it humbly, courageously determined to grow up.

*Make another checkup
on your birthday*



*Fascinating are the tales that travelers tell of this faraway land,
but baffling are the statistics that describe conditions there.
To help us understand these neighbors round the world,
two missionaries give intimate glimpses of . . .*



family life in India

From darkness into light

By Mr. and Mrs. Glenn R. Hill

*Missionaries at the American
Baptist Bengal-Orissa Mission,
Bhimpore, West Bengal, India*

FROM THE GLOOM of the smoke-filled room, the Santal mother, exhausted after a long day's work in the fields, muttered wearily: "Rani, light the dipti." Without a word, the child left the cooking pots and, reaching up to the small shelf on the mud wall, found the tiny earthen vessel, no larger than the palm of her hand. With infinite care, she took the bottle of oil and, pouring a meager amount into the dipti, covered the cord which was the wick. As the tiny flame flickered to life, Rani placed the lamp beside her mother who, sitting on her heels, was grinding the curry spices. There was silence in the darkened house. The shadows danced with the flickering flame, as if to challenge the very darkness with its burning. But a brighter light was needed.

Yes, it's dark in this house. But do not fear the barking dogs in the courtyard or the low howl of the jackal that pierces the Indian night. Do not hesitate at the threshold of this home, but come in with me, and let us see how the non-Christian Santals of India live.

The house itself is a small mud and thatch building, with only the front entrance to provide light and ventilation. In conditions such as these, it is no wonder that cataracts are so common in India. The crowded house affords no privacy. Small it may be, yet it often shelters the father and the mother, their children, their sons' wives and families, the father's younger brothers and all their families. The land,

precious to them as the source of their daily rice, is perhaps owned jointly by the brothers, but the father, as head of the house, makes the decisions. The cows, chickens and goats often share the same room with the family, and are classed in importance with the land.

In the Santal home the father is the patriarch. His is the final authority. His wife is but a chattel. Her duty is to her husband and her sons. She and her daughters work night and day for these earthly lords, neither expecting nor receiving thanks. Since a mother rarely rebukes her son, he accords her little or no respect. Only the father has the authority to enforce a reprimand, but he so often fails to exercise this authority that, in effect, the boy becomes his own master.

MARRIAGE among the non-Christian Santals is a primitive affair, with certainly none of the religious aspects which are at the heart of the Christian marriage. As a general rule, when a boy or girl reaches the proper age, fourteen or thereabouts, the parents arrange a marriage with another family of like mind, and a wedding ensues. There must always be a dowry for the girl, something which is a great burden to the parents of India. A family will go without a rice meal for months, so that the girl's prospective father-in-law may be given the agreed amount of money. If a girl has some disfigurement, it is, of course, even more difficult to marry her off. A common thing in this case, is for the parents to hunt up some lad who *also* has a physical disability. A blind boy, for instance, may marry a deaf girl. The contracted couple and families just have a gathering and proclaim them as married. Usually a wild celebration follows. Thus does married life begin.

However, a young man may see a girl he wants for a wife, but be unable to get the marriage arranged by the two families. In this case, other methods are pursued. The girl may be sent to the market place by her family, or to work in the fields. Then, at an opportune moment, the young man (if he is quick enough) may snatch her away from any protective custody, paint a streak of bright crimson down her forehead, and proclaim to all that she is his wife. She then has to submit to the traditions of her people, and accept the marriage as binding. Divorce is almost as simple! If both parties reach an agreement that they wish to dissolve their marriage, all they are required to do is to produce a few witnesses, and, in their presence, one drops a leaf on the ground, and the other pours a little water on it. And they are divorced!

ALTHOUGH SINGING and dancing are a very real part of their life, the Santal home is not one of joy. Their poverty is not only physical but spiritual. They may sing and dance, but their animation is often induced by drinking "modh," or rice liquor. It is not the genuine, heartfelt joy of the Christian, rather, it is an emotion resulting from dissipation. Their songs and dances usually depict some phase of Santal life, such as rice planting, the harvest, marriage feasts, births, etc. In the fall of the year, when the jungles are dry and dusty, great crowds of Santal men band together for the annual hunt. Clutching their crude knives and bows and arrows, they stamp along the jungle paths, flushing out the rabbits, wild boar, and even leopards. Once each year they set fire to the jungle. As the animals flee in terror, they are clubbed or shot with arrows. Singing as they return to the village after the hunt, the men are greeted by the women, and together they join in merrymaking.

Classed as a "suppressed people," a sub-type, by their Hindu neighbors, they have been despised for many centuries. Malnutrition is common among them and the incidence of tuberculosis is high. Until the missionaries came to Bengal and began work among

the aboriginal tribes, there was little or no education for these people. Only now is the village primary school coming into its own place. Still, the people are so poor that many cannot spare their children for the few hours of school; instead, these little ones are hired out to serve as cowherds, or to help gather firewood in the jungles. They have not yet realized the advantages of education. They are not equipped to see the future; they have only the darkness of their long night.

BUT NOW COME WITH ME into the next village. As we approach, we see many mud huts decorated with colorful designs. On some the Cross is vividly outlined, to proclaim to all that this is a Christian home. As we enter this village, we may be certain of the gracious hospitality of our Christian host.

Coming into the small courtyard, we are immediately greeted with a happy "Johar." The mistress of the house goes to bring the finest brass vessel, filled with water. Kneeling before us, she places the water at our feet, and makes a low obeisance, indicating that all they have is at our disposal, that we are as welcome as water in their home. They will bathe our feet, swollen and tired from our hot walk cross the paddy fields. The cool water and the love shining from our friends' eyes bring a renewal that is as much spiritual as physical. This is the welcome into the Christian home.

We would not venture to say that this home is perfect, that it has no flaws. But the atmosphere is so different from the grim darkness of the non-Christian home that it has to be noted. Here again we find the father as head of the family, but his wife is a partner with him in every sense. She has a place in her own right as mother of the home. There is the feeling that they cherish one another, that respect is present as well as love.

Their marriage was arranged by wise parents who thought their dispositions would complement one another. Though they had never said a word to one



All Santals love music. Here, in a Christian village, non-Christians demonstrate their musical talents for the sahib. (All pictures were supplied by the authors.)

another until the time of their engagement, their admiration soon grew into love. Both had accepted Christ, perhaps at a young people's meeting or in special services held in church or school. Their wedding was in the church, with her pastor marrying them. That night, all the relatives and friends gathered together at the wedding feast, where they enjoyed the simple food. This is the way the Christian Santal marriage is planned and performed.

As in the non-Christian home, the boy enjoys a position of privilege and honor. But unlike the non-Christian home, the young girls are nurtured and given as many advantages as possible, according to the state of family finances. Where the girl is bright and industrious, mission scholarships help to bring her through the most expensive years. One of our finest young ladies has just now completed her first year at Vellore Medical College, where she is training to be a doctor. We are proud of such achievement, and know that it is only an indication of what the future may hold for the promising young girls of India.

THE STORY OF RAM reveals how, despite persecution and terror, his Christian home was founded:

Ram Murmu was a happy man. Under the tender guidance of his teacher in the village school, he had resolved at last away his

A Christian missionary visiting a Christian home is being welcomed with the proper ceremonies.



superstitious fears and embrace Christianity. Salome, his young wife, had also been won over to a belief in Christ, and together they made joyous plans for their future life. The pastor in a village some miles away had agreed to instruct the young couple toward baptism, and they were filled with an overwhelming happiness.

"My husband, I would like to go to visit my father's house once more before we are baptized. May I go?" Her tone was edged with a sad ruefulness, for she knew that once her baptism was consummated, both she and her husband would be thrust out of any further fellowship with family and friends. Ram could see no reason for her not going, and in a few days, she bade

him farewell and returned to her father's home for a last visit.

Salome had prepared herself for her relatives' protest, even their cursing. But this madness of theirs!

When Ram arrived after a short time to take his wife home again, he met a cold enmity from her people that chilled him. Suspecting some evil afoot, he chanced to overhear his wife's people discussing the proposed baptism. To his horror, he learned that the village *panchayat*, or council of elders, had agreed with the family that the young son-in-law should be murdered, rather than bring such a disgrace as Christian baptism upon the clan. Even as these words were spoken, Ram heard an ominous sound: his brother-in-law was sharpening the very tools with which the deed would be done!

"Take a vessel, my wife, and go to the well, as if you would draw water." This was spoken in a casual tone, but the look in Ram's eyes made Salome run quickly to do his bidding.

A few moments later, Ram slipped away also, met his wife, and the two young people fled away into the twilight, praying to their new-found Savior for guidance.

"Let us return to my home," Ram gasped as they sped down the rough path. "My mother will perhaps help us." When they reached home, however, the mother would

(Continued on page 47.)

"The father of these three lovely children is one of our fine Santal pastors," write the authors.



"I've noticed you around a lot. You and I could have a good time. How about going for a ride with me?"



ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY STIVERS

by candlelight

LINDA WALKED sedately down the street from the high school, carefully skirting each puddle in the sidewalk. She breathed deeply of the spring air, so fresh and clean-smelling after the warm April rain. The sun shone down on the walk and made little rainbows on the pools in the depressions.

It made a kind of excitement in her, not the kind of excitement that running would relieve. She felt a glowing kind of warmth, a wish that she might keep this time—might always remember how she felt at this very moment.

Feeling this way must be a sign that she was no longer a child. Of course, lots of girls were grown

up at fourteen. In English, only yesterday, they'd talked about Juliet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and she was not yet fourteen.

It seemed queer to remember that only yesterday she had run—no, actually raced—with a twelve-year-old neighbor boy down this same street. Everything was different today. She felt taller, older, as though all of the things she'd been waiting for all her life might begin to happen at any time.

And yet she had felt small and somehow helpless when Bud Rodman had caught up with her only a little while ago. She'd been walking along the street with Alice Lashbrook when Bud had driven up beside

them in his car. She'd been a little sad, not happy at all as she felt now.

The street was narrow and she could have reached out and touched the car. It was such a lovely car, a hard-topped convertible, all cream and blue. And Bud looked just as though he belonged in such a car. At first she'd thought he must be going to speak to Alice; it never occurred to her that he would notice her.

And then he'd said, "Hi there, Linda! Wait a minute, why don't you?"

She'd been so surprised, and a little embarrassed. She wasn't used to being noticed by *senior* boys, boys old enough to drive cars. But she'd hesitated, and he'd stopped the car, and waiting a minute for Alice to go on a little way, he'd said, "I've noticed you around a lot. With *kids*. You and I could have a good time. How about going for a ride with me this evening?"

"Oh, I couldn't. My folks don't let me go out with boys in cars."

Her heart was pounding so, she thought it must show.

"Do your folks have to know *everything* you do?"

He had a wide white smile that seemed to be laughing at her a little, but admiring her as if he'd just now discovered her and liked what he'd found.

"They'd want to know where I was."

It was humiliating to have to admit that she could not come and go as she pleased when he so evidently saw how grown up she was.

"I see you over at Lashbrooks' a lot. You *could* go over there and I'd come out in front. I'd not keep you out late."

His voice was wheedling but it made her feel a little shy, as though she might *really* slip out and fool Daddy. It wouldn't be hard, for they trusted her. Though that really made it harder.

"Well, say, you think about it, and I'll be by about seven-thirty. I'll stop at the corner if you think your



"Couldn't control my slice on the last nine.
Lest two and cut another one to ribbons."

Belated Laundry Cases

He was such a bonnie lad,

Washed his wrists, ate his spinach,

Now his laundry case, it comes,

After my own, I finish.

FRANCES BROWN

girl friend might tell. I'll wait a few minutes. Now be sure and be there."

HE DIDN'T WAIT for her to answer but just pulled away from the curb with a roaring of the motor; and she caught up with Alice, who was just dying to know what he had said.

She tried to make her voice casual, "Oh, he just wanted me to have a date with him. Of course, I said I couldn't go." She didn't mention that he'd left her a chance to change her mind that evening.

Alice's voice was emphatic. "Well, you're a goon if you don't go. All the girls just swoon when he looks at 'em. Any girl who goes out with him is just *made* in this school. Of course, they say he knows his way around, but, after all, you're not a *child*."

Was she? He made her feel a little afraid and yet like a *woman*, not a little girl.

Daddy and Mother wouldn't want her to go out with him. But they didn't understand how it was with a girl these days. If you didn't have a steady boy friend you might as well not *live*.

Linda shivered a little. Bob Cole had been her steady boy friend until something, she wasn't sure what, had made him mad at her; and he'd begun to have Alice for his girl friend instead of her. Linda could never forget how terrible it had been. She'd liked Bob so much, had believed he felt the same way about her. She'd cried and cried—even once at school. . . .

But then Johnny Welsh had wanted to go "steady" with her and he was just as nice as Bob when she got to know him. But Johnny's folks had thought he was too young to go steady. And now she was alone again.

Her folks didn't care if it was a boy her own age that she went around with a lot. And it just *did* something to her to have *nobody* care about her. She always felt so conspicuous if she was by herself when the other girls had boy friends.

It was like being someone else, someone awkward and unattractive, not at all the way she felt when she was with a boy.

She didn't ever treat boys the way some of the girls did—try to get them to spend all their allowances on her. She was willing to pay her own way into the show and then let them sit by her and walk her home. She just needed to have someone special to like, someone who liked her, too.

Bud was different, though. He was a man, almost. He'd made her feel all shivery and yet as though he thought she was grown up—not the little girl who had cried when Bob began to go steady with Alice.

She wished she could get over blushing when she was bothered. She could feel her face all hot and knew that she must be getting all pink cheeked and young looking.

When a girl got to be fourteen it was time her folks began to treat her like an *adult*. Mother worked in the evenings (so they could save enough money for Linda to go to college) and she and Daddy thought Linda was old enough to get dinner for him, or at least finish it up.

Why couldn't Daddy treat her like something besides a *child* in other ways? Of course, he would think she was too young to go out with Bud. If he'd treat her as Alice's father treated *her*, she'd want to do what he said.

Mr. Lashbrook didn't say, "Alice, get ready for bed—Alice, you can't do this—Alice, you can't do that!" He *asked* her to do things as though he cared what she *wanted* to do.

IT WASN'T LONG after Alice had stopped at her own house, before the little gray house where the Stones lived came in sight. It wasn't a new house, but it belonged to them; and Daddy worked every minute of spare time he had to make it nice for Mother and for her. Sometimes Linda was a little ashamed of its shabbiness, but most of the time it looked good to her just because it was home.

This evening it had a comforting look about it, as though when she went inside the door she'd be safe.

As she walked in the side door, even the big shabby kitchen looked different to her. She felt somehow especially responsible for it, and for the meal to be prepared for Daddy. She would clean it up afterward just as Mother did, as though she were a woman and mistress of the house.

Mother always left a note for her, telling her what to do for dinner. She looked at the pad by the telephone and found it in its usual place. "Linda, dear: There's a meat loaf in the oven. The potatoes are peeled to put in with it. There's nothing for dessert, so open a can of peaches. Be a good girl."

That last didn't mean that Mother thought she wouldn't. It was just a way of saying that Mother knew she *would* be good and that she loved her. Only that was before Linda had realized that she was old enough to make her own decision in *some* things at least.

She couldn't *always* do just what they said. Of course, she didn't really plan to meet Bud this evening. But lots of her girl friends did go out with boys in cars and didn't tell their parents about it.

It seemed that so many mothers and fathers could

not or didn't want to understand how the world had changed since they were young.

It was still early and she didn't have any lessons this evening. She would make some cookies, the kind that Daddy liked. Maybe she could prove to them that she was old enough for more responsibility.

She worked quickly, and soon the cookies were in the oven. She watched them closely, for Daddy didn't like his cookies too brown. She would make a fruit salad to go with them.

It was really fun to have the arranging of the table and the meal. She would make it look pretty tonight. She'd use the good silver and china. Mother would not care and Daddy probably wouldn't notice.

Sometimes he even read the paper while he ate if he was very tired and wanted to go to bed early. But maybe he *would* notice if she could make it nice enough. Maybe he'd say, "How nice everything is tonight, Linda. You're getting to be as good a cook as your mother."

IT WAS FIVE o'clock when she finished. She stood back and admired her work. It did look nice, but it somehow lacked something. Then she hurried out into the spring evening and cut a bunch of jonquils. She buried her face in them and sniffed

(Continued on page 46.)

A THIMBLEFUL OF TIME

I have two friends who use expressions that greatly fascinate me. One, who is not a very capable or ambitious person, when asked if she has finished a certain task, will reply: "My dear, I haven't had time to rub two seconds together all day long!"

The other, who seems to accomplish so much in such an effortless manner, will reply: "Why, sure! It took only a thimbleful of time." It is simply amazing what she can do with "a thimbleful of time." She can drop over to ask a neighbor how the boy or girl is getting along at college. She can cheer up some bedridden acquaintance just longing to hear a new voice or see a different face. She can stop to chat with the youngsters passing on their way to and from school and ask about their sports and concerts and other activities. She can do a little organizing for the church or women's club. Yet her home is always neat and tidy, her children are well cared for, and her flower garden is one of the prettiest in town.

The secret of her success lies in the way she uses those little "thimblefuls of time." She knows she will have a dozen or so every day, so she saves little "thimbleful" jobs to fill them.

—ALFRED I. TOOKE

What are the responsibilities and opportunities involved in military service? What are the causes of fears and emotional conflicts? These are questions disturbing parents and their teen-agers. These are the questions the family should be prepared to discuss.



FACING UP TO MILITARY SERVICE

By **JOSEPH H. HEARTBERG**

M.A., Divinity School, University of Chicago; American Baptist minister in Wisconsin and Iowa; Chaplain, U.S. Army, in South Pacific, 1944-46; Secretary, Dept. Christian Ministry to Servicemen, American Baptist Home Mission Society, since 1948; member, Executive Committee, General Commission on Chaplains.

MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES now have loved ones in military service. Thousands of teen-agers are expecting to leave their homes to enter the army, navy, or air force in the next few years. In all these homes urgent questions arise. "How far can home ties stretch without breaking?" ask the parents. "What will happen to our plans for education and preparation for our lifework?" ask the young men and women. These and many other questions about military service should be frankly faced in the family circle.

Happy indeed is the teen-ager who can sit down and, in the quietness of his home, discuss the prospects involved in military service, with understanding and intelligent Christian parents. Here are a few topics that might well be discussed in family council:

First, there are the fears which must arise in any young person's mind when he learns he will soon enter military service. At best, the prospect is not a pleasing one. There will be separation from the nearest and dearest ones for unknown periods of time. There will be causes for grating uncertainty: Will he be ordered into battle or not? Will he be killed or wounded? Will he go overseas or remain in this country?

The fears of which we speak are not only fears for personal safety. There is the knowledge that to kill is evil and that the business of war is the business of killing. Resulting conflicts eat away at the life of the youth who knows he must soon go to war. And reports have come from those already in the service, telling of a completely regimented environment. While in the service he is in the hands of others, to be ordered about without regard for his own personal desires.

These fears and many more may be held in secret or openly stated by the youth in our homes today. But fears need not remain. Any problem, when it is frankly faced, tends to disappear. Fears which are examined and analyzed will vanish. When young people have had the opportunity to talk over their problems and fears with their parents, they will face military service with greater happiness and poise.

Let the family circle discuss, too, "keeping the dream alive."¹ There are young people who think that, now that they are in military service or about to enter it, all dreams of home and marriage, of education and vocation, must be thrown out the window. These young people fail to take the long view. They have every reason to look beyond the few years of military service, to additional educational preparation. They will do well to remember that the lifework they had planned will probably be even more urgently needed when their period of service and training is over. They can look forward with real anticipation to marriage and many years of happy home life. They may even receive special assistance in the purchase of homes, in vocational training, or in the field of education.

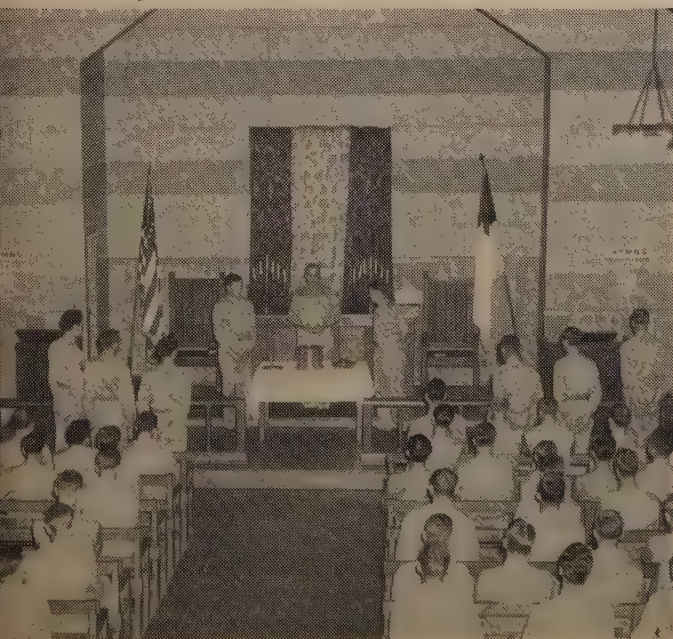
Why not have your family council discuss the temptations which young people in the service will inevitably face? Some of these temptations will be new, or at least more severe than any previously known. There will be frequent temptations to drink, to gamble, and to indulge in loose sexual relations. The presence of these temptations, and others, should

be frankly faced, but there need be no attitude of panic on the part of the parents. Many young people have been able to overcome these temptations, and have emerged from the service much stronger and finer Christians than when they entered. They will continue to do so, particularly those who know the moral support of praying Christian homes.

In this family discussion, the young person, as he analyzes his situation, will become fully aware that when he goes into the service he will be on his own as he has never been before. Previously sheltered in a loving home, he will now stand or fall, depending on the strength of his own character. The youth from the Christian home will be grateful for the ideals and standards of conduct which have already become strengthening forces in his character. Though he has left his home, the influences from that home will never leave him. In the family council he may want to take advantage of the opportunity to thank his parents for their consecration and their well-planned home experiences which have developed in him a character strong enough to stand severe tests.

The family council on facing up to military service will want to discuss the religious program to be found in the army, navy and air force.² Perhaps a chaplain in the area can be invited to speak in the local church to tell of his activities and the religious program he directs. Chaplains are the ministers in the services, performing the same duties as pastors in civilian life. They identify themselves completely with the service personnel. They wear the same uniform, are subject to the same orders, and appear wherever servicemen are found whether it be on the battlefield, in the athletic area, mess hall, barracks, or on the training field. They conduct services for all of the personnel of their faith in their unit, and are required by regulations to provide for the religious services of those of other faiths.

Ready to help the youth of all denominations as they face the tests of military life, are the chaplains. Here, one conducts services for armed forces personnel.



Chaplains are always happy to counsel concerning any problems whatsoever. They are carefully chosen by their respective denominations from among their very finest ministers. A chaplain is always glad to hear from a serviceman's family. Confidences can be shared with him as freely as with a pastor. To write to him, address the letter to "the chaplain," in care of the unit to which the serviceman is assigned.

Besides the chaplain, there is the United Fellowship of Protestants. Under the joint auspices of the United Christian Youth Movement, of the National Council of Churches, and the General Commission on Chaplains, of the United States government, it is an interdenominational organization to serve members of the armed forces.³ It maintains vital contact with civilian youth groups and follows the serviceman (and woman) from his home and church, through the service and back home again. It will provide small cards of introduction from a young person's pastor to his first chaplain. On these there is space to indicate the serviceman's interests and activities in his civilian church. When he presents this card to his chaplain he receives in return a membership card in the United Fellowship of Protestants. He should carry this with him throughout his military service, for wherever he goes he will find United Fellowship groups and will enjoy the opportunities for worship, fellowship, and service and for discussion of religious matters with like-minded individuals.

Many other interesting religious opportunities will present themselves if the serviceman is alert. There will be historic churches for him to visit in Europe, Christian work to observe in foreign countries, and numerous opportunities for fellowship with members of his own and other denominations. In Korea members of the armed forces have helped re-establish bombed-out churches. They have founded orphanages for the multitudes of homeless waifs wandering in that war-torn land.

In the armed forces there is great evangelistic opportunity, for every Christian will be rubbing shoulders with men and women who have never heard of the gospel of Christ, and at a time when they are particularly receptive to the call of the Master.

The Christian family council, discussing the problems and prospects of military service, should make all its members aware of these and other matters. The family should then be better able to discharge its responsibility to its young people in the service. The family, however, must have the support of the Christian churches. These have an unparalleled opportunity for world-wide ministry as they follow their sons and daughters around the world: praying for them, writing to them, ministering through them.

¹A pamphlet with this title may be obtained from the Inter-board Committee on Christian Vocations of the Methodist Church, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. Single copies free; in quantities, \$1.00 per hundred.

²Helpful material will be found in the pamphlet, "So You're Going Into the Service." Copies may be secured from the Department of Christian Ministry to Service Men of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, 164 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y., price, one cent each.

³Information concerning this organization may be obtained from the United Fellowship of Protestants, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

STUDY ARTICLE

—Study Guide, page 45



when we go to church TOGETHER

*When we go to church together,
Something happens as God we seek,
That makes our family feel as one;
That holds us close throughout the week.*

*When we sing at church together,
Something happens in our hearts,
That lingers on though troubles come;
That brings us hope; that confidence imparts.*

*When we study at church together,
Something happens in each mind,
That creates the sparks to light the way;
That gives us tolerance and makes us kind.*

*When we pray at church together,
Something happens to our souls,
That mitigates worries and deep concern;
That restores perspective and clarifies our goals.*

—I. P. B.

FEW OF US would want to return to the “good old days.” We enjoy too well the modern conveniences, the marvels of television and radio, the miracles of science and medicine. We see our children studying about things we ourselves at their age did not know existed. We see them experiencing privileges unheard of when we were young. But many of us think, sometimes with nostalgia, about some of the privileges we had in the “good old days.”

We remember the fun of evenings of family music, or reading, or games, before the days of radio. We think of candy-pulls, of skating on the pond in the moonlight, perhaps of baking days when the week's supply of bread, cake and pies was made. We remember our church—the family pew, the church suppers, the box socials, the choir practice. Perhaps we remember the thrill of the time when the whole church membership worked together to clean and wax and polish so that the auditorium would be ready for a special meeting. Probably the thing we really remember best is the feeling of togetherness of our family when we worked and worshiped as one in our church.

Perhaps we remember those days especially because the hectic activities of our present time seem to pull the family apart rather than to cement it together. The modern family has so much to do in so many places, that there seems to be little opportunity for family time together. In one family, with a child in high school, one in junior high, one in grammar school, and one in nursery school, the parents have found that they have to attend parent-teacher meetings and school functions separately because the dates conflict. With Boy Scouts, Cubs, Girl Scouts, orchestra and band, trumpet, piano, and cello lessons, dentist and doctor appointments, football and basketball, the family is being pulled farther and farther apart. With this a typical situation in many house-

*The wife of a Baptist minister, Mrs. Jones has been a frequent contributor to *Hearthstone*. She has written study articles and for some time served as one its family counselors.

holds, most parents are looking hopefully for those activities and loyalties which will draw the family closer together.

Christian families believe the church can do just that:

Togetherness Through Worship

First of all, we are drawn together as we worship together. There is a feeling of oneness as we share one pew, sing together, and pray together to the same God. Our hearts are stirred by the same music, our souls thrill to the same message of God's word. Just going together is an outward expression of an inner oneness. Some churches recognize this value of worship together, and gear their morning worship service to the presence of children as well as adults. Such a service is less formal, perhaps shorter. Sometimes groups of children sing or lead in the Scripture reading to help their families to worship. Other churches plan specific times for family worship, when babies are dedicated, at the time of baptism, or at special seasons of the year, such as Christmas, Thanksgiving, or Easter.

Having worshiped together, the family will continue the feeling of unity at home as it remembers the worship service. One family uses the hymns of the morning service again, one at a time, for their daily family worship. Another family discusses the sermon at the dinner table, picking out one or two points to live by during the week. Still another anticipates the morning service by looking up the sermon subject in the paper the evening before. Then, as they drive to church, they talk over what they would say if they were preaching on that subject. How stimulating it would be to listen to a sermon with this background! What a challenging meeting of the minds of a family would follow if they compared notes afterward!

Working Together for the Same Cause

The value of worshiping together can be increased, too, by preparation. It is a wise family which plans together for attendance, at church, arranging its schedule to include plenty of time for breakfast and for a leisurely trip to church. The schedule might well include a brief period of family worship at home in anticipation of the family worship at church.

We are drawn together as we work for the same cause. One frequently hears the criticism of present-day churches that they are too departmentalized. Years ago all ages attended the church school class together, studying the same lesson under the same teacher. Now each age group has its own class, studying to meet its own needs.

The complaint is that this tends to destroy the feeling of family unity which the church worship service has built up. Actually, family togetherness can be increased when its members attend church together and then go into their various age groups for study. Even three-year-old Sally gets a new sense of belonging both to her church and to her

family, as she realizes that it is Daddy's church and Mommy's church, and her church. There is a place planned for Daddy and Mommy and a place planned for her. Very soon in her thinking it becomes "our church."

Unity Through Stewardship

The family will have a new feeling, too, of working for the same goal together as they consider their responsibility of stewardship in the church. Some families think together in a family council or similar discussion, of the family budget. They talk together quite frankly of the amount they wish to set aside for the support of the church. Other families prefer to talk over their responsibility of stewardship together, but each member contributes of his own means to the church. In either case, there is certainly a feeling of sharing together in this stewardship.

Such families usually go a step further and consider their stewardship of time and talent. As each member of the family decides what will be his specific contribution of time and talent, the rest of the family, too, feel that they are sharing that contribution indirectly. For instance, in one family Daddy decided, after discussion with the others, to accept the responsibility of a deacon in the church. Mother became a church school teacher. Sister is active in the Sunday evening young people's group, and brother is a Cub Scout. Even though each has to be at church at a different time during the week, the feeling of unity is strengthened rather than weakened, for they are sharing the stewardship of time and talent for the same cause of Christ.

Sharing Ideals

Finally, we are drawn together as we live by the same ideals. The family who go to church together soon realize that they have a source of ideals higher than their own authority. When the children see their father and mother consciously trying to live by the ideals of their church, they, too, are more inclined to try to follow them. For example, the Shaw family attended evening church together when a foreign student spoke of conditions in his homeland and of what he and the other students hoped to find in this country. The Shaws had developed a rather bitter feeling toward people from that country as a result of war experiences. However, as the student talked, they saw a new vision of Christian brotherhood and friendliness.

Family-centered Church Programs

Churches which are conscious of the contributions they can make to family life, often plan specifically for family-centered programs. One downtown church realized that its teen-agers, who lived in suburban areas, would not be allowed to attend youth groups at night at the church because of the distance from their homes. The church, accordingly, planned a series of meetings for parents at the same time, so that parents and children could attend together. Out



of this plan grew a family-centered Sunday evening program. Parents and children gather at the church at 5:30 for supper together, and for informal singing and fellowship with other families. Then they separate into age and interest groups for study. The nursery provides trained care and supervised quiet play for little ones. Many even fall asleep easily in the cribs in the nursery. At seven all but the tiny ones join their parents for the evening church service together—a service planned to interest the children as well as the adults. Many parents have reported that the entire family is relaxed and rested as they journey homeward at eight o'clock after studying and worshiping quietly together. For many, it has become as much a part of the religious tradition of their family as prayer at bedtime or grace at meals.

Other churches plan Wednesday evening as their family night. Such a time of fellowship together and with other families can mean much to the unity of the family. Still other churches plan a family Thanksgiving service, or New Year's Day consecration service, family Christmas parties or Christmas Sunday vespers, picnics together in the summertime, a family-sponsor program for new church families—and so on and on.

In all of these plans to strengthen the togetherness of families, the church must remember one thing. It has a very definite obligation to unify the family, but at the same time must not destroy that unity for the sake of a program. Every church must study its own schedule to evaluate the need for each family-centered plan. Likewise, each family must evaluate its own need for each part of the program, and then support wholeheartedly whatever contributes to the unity of their own particular family. With church and home working closely together, family ties will be strengthened.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .



PUT THE NEW YEAR ON FILE

By Rosalie W. Doss

WE USED TO MAKE a list of New Year's resolutions with the best intentions of carrying them out. But somehow the list always got lost! By the time March rolled around, it was difficult to remember just what we had resolved to do!

But now we have found a way to prepare for the New Year that really works, and it's lots of fun, too! We put the New Year on file! Instead of making a long list of resolutions, we set up a file of all the things we want to remember to do in the coming year.

Our file is made up of 3 x 5 cards. It is divided into twelve sections, one for each month of the year. The cards with their proper headings go behind each month or section.

For each month there is a card marked **Birthdays**. On it we list the names of relatives and friends we want to remember with a greeting or some small gift.

Another card is marked **Special Days**, for events we like to remember in some special way. Our friends, the Smiths, celebrate their wedding anniversary on May 4. We make a note to keep this night free so that we can baby-sit with their three small children. This gives the parents a free evening to dine out on this very important day in their lives.

It is easy to remember the big holidays, but often there are other days that should have special significance in the lives of our children. One of these is Flag Day, on June 14. We always note this day in our file so that we will remember to display our flag. This occasion can also give parents and children a chance to discuss proper courtesy to the flag.

Another important card under each month is labeled **Chores**. Here we list the jobs we want to remember to do each month. In March, April, and May we jot down spring housecleaning jobs and gardening reminders; in the early fall months, the things we have to do to

get our winter wardrobes ready. And after each chore we write the name of the member of the family who is responsible for the job. When that person has performed his task he marks it with a check mark. We find this system works much better than a lot of prodding and reminding each month.

Purchases is the heading of another monthly card, for the things we hope to buy in the coming year. In the spring months we usually include the various garden tools that need to be replaced; in June, we remind ourselves to buy new bathing suits for the children. These lists help us watch our budget so that we can allow for the extras. They also serve to give every member of the family an idea of how the family income is spent. Sometimes it makes a child think twice before he asks for an extra allowance when he knows his parents are saving for a new chair for the living room, a steam iron, or a television set.

A file of this kind isn't difficult to start. And once it is begun, it is easy to prepare new cards from the old ones each year. We find it lots of fun, and now we look forward to setting up the file each New Year. As we check over our file of the past year, it always makes us especially proud to count the check marks of things accomplished. What is more, the old file serves as a challenge to both parents and children to make the New Year bigger and better than ever.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

By LUCILLE FRANCHI

A graduate of Phillips University and a teacher in Richmond, California, Mrs. Franchi has taught in Japanese relocation centers and was an exchange teacher in England for a year. She is active in young people's conferences.

The Peace of our Children

There is but one international problem, and that is to get the gospel to every man, woman and child in every nation.—GLADSTONE.

In Coniston, England, there is a little museum dedicated to John Ruskin, the great writer, art critic and social reformer of a century ago. Conspicuously displayed in one museum case is the old Bible from which young John's mother taught him. It is opened to the eighth psalm:

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. . . . When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.¹

Little wonder, then, that John Ruskin, nurtured from childhood on such beauty of expression and imbued with the sense of his divine dignity, became a great literary and spiritual force in his day.

What a privilege is yours who have a child in your midst! A child, whom God has created in his own image, only a little lower

¹Psalm 8:1, 3-5, The Holy Bible, King James Version. All other quotations in this article are from this version.

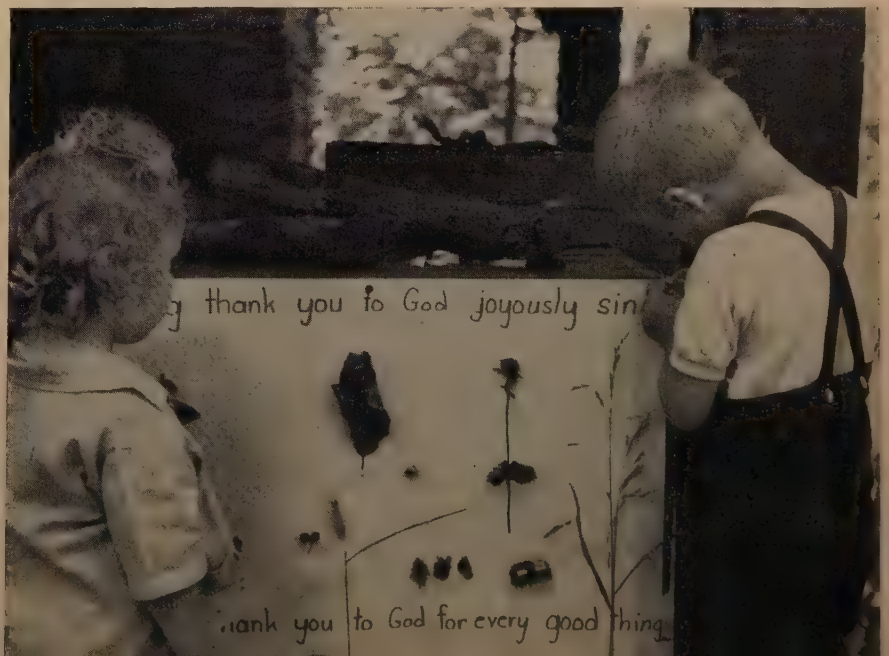
Little children have an interest in nature. Through this interest, at a church-sponsored family camp, the children shown here are being taught to worship God.

By making use of recent scientific research and your spiritual knowledge, you can lead your children in Christian growth. Here are inspiration for the task, and definite principles to guide you

than the angels, a heritage from the Lord. God has chosen you, as parents, to work with him in rearing this child, the hope of the future. What a responsibility this divine partnership places upon you! It is your opportunity to help develop the personality and potentiality of your child, to help develop those qualities which make him different from all others. What a joy to be able to help him mature to the fullness of his being!

In this great task, however, God has not left you without aid and guidance. He has provided for you a master plan, the Bible, a complete library of principles to follow, a library of history, poetry, drama, and stories with which to instruct this child in the message of his spirit.

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them



when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up"—(Deut. 6:6-7).

IN ORDER TO USE THE BIBLE in the best way to supply the spiritual material for growth, it is exceedingly important that we know something of the child's growth and development, his characteristics, needs and interests. We must nurture the spirit, daily, gauging the proper nourishment for each period in his growth. The Apostle Paul was aware of this need for a developmental approach to Bible study when he mentioned that milk is for a child, but solid food is for the mature (1 Cor. 3:2). Each day we need to supply biblical teachings that will help the child solve his problems for that day. Teach him those things that will make of him a Christian, now, though still a child. It is today about which we must be concerned, and "tomorrow will be anxious for itself" (Matt. 6:34). We need to help the child to grow gradually from truth to truth. Then he will come to manhood, morally and spiritually strong.

Scientific research is giving us increasing information on children's growth and development, and it is our responsibility to learn to use it.

HERE ARE SOME SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES to keep in mind as we introduce the Bible to children:

1. *A child understands and interprets only those things which are in his field of experience.* Jesus recognized this principle when he used, as illustrations, incidents from everyday life. He talked of making bread, planting and harvesting, business affairs, taxes, and unjust stewards. Teaching is more effective if it arises from actual life situations, informally. Remember the words, "When thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

2. *A child's field of experience widens each year,* and we must teach him those things which he can actually use at his particular stage of development or our time is mostly lost.

3. *A child learns more from concrete situations than from abstract, more from seeing than from hearing.* Note the respective popularity of radio and television. To make Bible principles concrete for the child, we need to follow them in our own lives, particularly those of Jesus—compassion and love. Gandhi, in speaking to Christian missionaries in India, said, "Let your life speak . . . even as the rose needs no speech but simply spreads its perfume." Jesus came to show us the Christian way, as well as to tell us about it. Children learn more readily from our deeds than from our words.

4. *Bible teachings, like all teachings, are more easily learned and remembered if connected with pleasant associations.* If we link them with the child's worth-while acts, his virtues will be strengthened. Wise parents will introduce Bible teachings at happy times rather than use them as corrective measures, if they wish them to be used as guides for living.

KEEPING THESE PRINCIPLES in mind, we need next to know some of the fields of experience, characteristics, needs, and interests of children at each age level, and what relationship these have to our use of the Bible with children. They are:

Pre-School Child

The Child

Use of the Bible

Understands only those teachings relating to his immediate environment—his home. Is interested in food, clothes, shelter.

Does not understand Bible stories except as they relate to his immediate environment, such as stories of everyday life of Bible people. For example, the story of Miriam, the little girl who helped her brother Moses to be safe; or David, a happy boy who sang beautiful songs.

Is in a habit- and attitude-forming period.

Should hear Bible stories and verses that will help develop Christian habits and attitudes, such as joy, gratitude, love, helpfulness, reverence.

Is a literalist.

Does not understand symbolic terms, such as "fishers of men."

Imitates others.

Needs to see biblical principles lived in the home.

Needs a feeling of security and love.

Needs to have biblical teachings that emphasize love of God and of parents and friends; should be protected from teachings that cause fear.

Has no historical sense, no sense of time and space.

Can best appreciate selected New Testament stories in simple language, and a few selections from Psalms and Proverbs. No chronological presentation of the Bible will have meaning for him.

Has an interest in nature.

Will enjoy verses relating to the wonder and beauty of God's world.

Primary Child (6-8 Years)

Many things mentioned in the previous section continue to be true for the primary child.

Lives in an environment which includes home, neighborhood, and community.

Can appreciate a wider scope of Bible stories, but can best understand those related to his environment, mostly from the New Testament and Psalms.

Has no historical sense.

Is not ready for stories that depend on an understanding of far times and places.

Is learning to read.

Likes to read simple Bible passages, as Psalm 122:1.

Still needs the concrete.

Needs to have opportunity to practice teachings, such as "Be kind."

Is making new friends.

Can profit by Bible teachings on what makes real friends.

Has more interest in nature than when younger.

Can further develop in his sense of wonder. Such selections as Psalm 98:1 can help.

Junior Child (9-11 Years)

Has interest in wider community relations than when younger, and grasps events in the world at large.

Can appreciate a wider scope of Bible stories and teachings. Old Testament stories can be effective in his Christian growth when they illustrate Christian principles.

Now has some historical sense.

Can profit by more chronological study of the Bible.

Is interested in biography. Needs stories of Bible people who have lived by the law of love, and of great men who have preserved our faith.

Has a well-developed memory. May memorize longer, meaningful Bible passages, such as the Twenty-third Psalm, the Ten Commandments, The Lord's Prayer.

Needs some opportunity to make decisions. Can be helped in making choices by following the Golden Rule and by hearing Bible stories of people who have made wise decisions.

The wise parents will read and re-read the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew, chapters 5, 6, and 7. Use it as a guide for teaching the Bible, supplementing it with other parts of the Bible that help teach these principles. Also use your child's church school literature; it was prepared by experts in child guidance. Weave these teachings skillfully into the fabric of your everyday life. Then, in the words of Isaiah, "All thy children *shall be* taught of the Lord; and great *shall be* the peace of thy children."—Isaiah 54: 13.

Books for Further Study

Holy Bible.

Enjoying the Bible at Home, by Anna Laura Gebhard. Published by the Bethany Press, St. Louis, Missouri, 1951; price, 50 cents.

Infant and Child in the Culture of Today, by Arnold Gesell and Frances L. Ilg. Published by Harper & Bros., New York, 1943; price, \$4.00.

The Child from Five to Ten, by Gesell and Ilg. Harper & Bros., 1946; price \$4.50.

Opening the Bible to Children, by Elizabeth S. Whitehouse. Bethany Press, 1945; price 50 cents.

Tell Me About the Bible, by Mary Alice Jones. Published by Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, 1949 edition; price, \$2.00.

Tell Me About God, by Jones. Rand McNally, 1951 edition; price \$2.00.

Tell Me About Jesus, by Jones. Rand McNally, 1951 edition; price, \$2.00.



Puzzlers . . .

SCRAMBLED TWOSOMES

BY MARY KYLE TUCKER

Here are twenty famous twosomes of history and literature, but they have become separated from their partners. See if you can get them together again. Give yourself a score of 5 for each correct answer. 65-70 is *fair*; 75-80 is *good*; above that is *excellent*.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. David | A. Esau |
| 2. Damon | B. Galatea |
| 3. Romeo | C. Jonathan |
| 4. Medes | D. Addison |
| 5. Antony | E. Beatrice |
| 6. Daphnis | F. Pythias |
| 7. Romulus | G. Pollux |
| 8. Sodom | H. Sancho Panzo |
| 9. Baucis | I. Juliet |
| 10. Lancelot | J. Penates |
| 11. Petrarch | K. Laura |
| 12. Don Quixote | L. Elaine |
| 13. Jacob | M. Achilles |
| 14. Steele | N. Philemon |
| 15. Helen | O. Gomorrah |
| 16. Hector | P. Menelaus |
| 17. Lares | Q. Remus |
| 18. Castor | R. Chloe |
| 19. Dante | S. Cleopatra |
| 20. Pygmalion | T. Persians |

BIBLE QUIZ—"Rooms"

BY MAY C. SMITH

1. What name is given to the room where The Last Supper took place?
2. Who provided a room in an inn for a wounded traveler?
3. For whom did the Shunammite woman prepare a room on the roof of her house?
4. What infant prince was hidden in a bedroom until he was made king?
5. Saul's daughter, Michal, once made up a dummy in a bed, to deceive the enemies of her husband. Who was the husband?
6. During what great calamity were there "frogs in the bedrooms"?
7. Who prayed at the window of his bedroom, contrary to the King's command?
8. Which son of Saul was slain and beheaded in his bedroom by friends of David, but not on his orders?
9. For whom was there "no room in the inn"?
10. In whose dining room was Jesus eating, when "the woman which was a sinner" anointed Jesus' feet?

Answers on page 44.

By ANNA LAURA GEBHARD

Mother of four children, with an interest in music, nature and photography, Mrs. Gebhard finds time to lead summer conferences in home life and the rural church, and to write books and magazine articles. Her books: "Enjoying the Bible at Home"; "Parsonage Doorway"; "Rural Parish!"

In a world such as ours, with its conflicts, confusion and corruption, with its mighty weapons for mass destruction, people may ask . . .

IS IT
FAIR
TO HAVE
MOTHER AND CHILD
CHILDREN?



Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

—J. Gari Melchers
American, 1860-1932

SEVERAL YEARS ago missionaries reported finding a strange tribe living in the jungles near the south border of the Sahara Desert. One of the first things the visitors noted about the tribe was that there were few children and no babies. After getting acquainted with the natives, they discovered that the tribe had a rigid program of birth limitation, so that no babies were being born. After they had gained the confidence of the tribal leaders, they learned the reason for this policy of tribal suicide.

The Sahara Desert was steadily encroaching upon their jungle hunting grounds. Eventually, that meant no food, and starvation for the tribe. A force they could not understand nor control was thus wrenching from them their only means of sustenance. And so, the wise men of the tribe had taken counsel and had decided to pursue a policy of voluntary tribal extinction rather than face the ultimate tragedy

which would set every hungry man against his brother.

Since 1945, something of the same sort of feeling of hopelessness which gripped the African tribe and led them to their fateful decision has hovered over the hearthsides of America. Here the principal cause is the horror of the atomic bomb, which sent waves of fear into every home in every land. With every fresh news release describing the horrors of atomic destruction, and the increasing efficiency of atomic weapons, more parents and would-be parents question: Is it fair to bring children into such a world? Can we gain control of the atom and use it as God intended all his gifts should be used, or will it destroy us and those whom we love?

Other factors contribute to this attitude of despair, as a glance at the stories on the pages of almost any daily paper will quickly disclose—stories of inter-

national unrest, of juvenile crime which can be laid at the door of parental and social neglect, of young husbands and fathers leaving their wives and children for combat duty. A magazine cover brings to mind another factor. It shows a picture of a winsome, laughing nine-month-old baby, with the caption: "He is the victim of the national debt!"

And if we will but listen, we'll find out about other causes of despair. "How can we be sure," a young couple ask their minister, "that our marriage won't be the one out of three that ends in the divorce courts? Is it reasonable, then, to plan to have a family which can be torn asunder by social forces beyond our control?"

A lecturer on family problems was impressed by the harassed expressions and worried attitudes of the young mothers to whom she spoke. "Why have you allowed yourself to feel so burdened with 'problems'?" she asked one group. "Where is your joy?"

"It is a pretty sobering job to be a parent these days," someone replied. "Just what kind of world are we training our youngsters to live in, anyway? How can we be sure we're teaching them what they'll need to know for tomorrow's world? Not even the experts agree!"

There's no minimizing the concern that earnest young parents feel as they look out upon the confusion and conflicts of our modern world. Little wonder they yearn for a bit more security before undertaking the solemn and difficult obligations of parenthood!

BUT THIS GENERATION has no monopoly on dangerous times! In the past, individuals with seemingly hopeless handicaps have almost miraculously overcome personal deficiencies and adverse circumstances.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, when England was rent with the social unrest of the Industrial Revolution, the fifteenth child of a poor country parson was born in the backward fen country of northern England. How the gossips' tongues must have wagged! "So many mouths to feed! Father Wesley will end up in a stinking debtors' prison yet!" And he did, after hostile villagers had periodically set fire to his crops, and finally to the thatched-roof cottage with its nursery full of sleeping children. But John Wesley, "a brand plucked from the burning," as his mother used to say, grew up to bring a new spiritual force to his native land.

Then there was the sickly son of the Negro slave girl, who, after his mother died, was sold to a Missouri plantation owner, for a broken-down race-horse. The lot of a puny colored boy was hard indeed immediately following the Civil War. But George Washington Carver grew up to probe God's secrets in the lowly peanut and the ordinary sweet potato, and to bring hope to thousands of his race who lived in desolate poverty on worn-out soil.

"Poor crippled babe! A shame he didn't die at birth!" the neighbors said to one another when they watched young Charles, the deformed son of unwanted Jews, sit near the edge of the circle of children at

play. Yet today, because of the keen scientific wizardry of Charles Steinmetz, men and women everywhere enjoy the benefits of such wonders as radios and other electronic devices.

THINGS MUST HAVE seemed pretty hopeless to the dispossessed people of Galilee in the hard old Roman world of two thousand years ago. Ground beneath the heel of a ruthless dictator, even their religious leaders conspired to crush the spirits of the downtrodden, while hunger, mental illness and bodily disease stalked every roadside. The Hebrew wise men must have shook their heads and murmured, "Only a miracle from God can save us!"

The miracle came! A babe was born in an obscure village to humble parents. Life offered him few of its "goods." But it gave him a home, where, in the midst of the darkness, a confident faith in God burned with a living flame.

When Jesus saw little children suffer because of social sins against which they were powerless, he did not become angry at "fate," or vent his wrath upon God. He did not even pity the helpless children that mothers brought to him. No, he blessed them! Everyone can recall the clear-cut reply Jesus gave his disciples when they asked: "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" Placing a child in the midst of them, he said:

"Truly, I say to you, unless you turn and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of

Two Songs

A somber song was brought to birth;
Its new-fledged wings were wet with tears
Of all the sorrow that the earth
Endured and carried down the years.

It did not touch a mountain peak,
Nor soar above a meadow where
A brook sang all the while nor seek
A star. . . . Its name was called DESPAIR.

Another song was born. . . . Its tone
Was bright and fire tipped its wings;
It sang of peace the world had known,
Of faith and love—all lovely things.

So sweet the song that it became
A beacon with a mighty scope,
For all who touch its living flame
Look up and smile . . . and call it HOPE!

INEZ CLARK THORSON

heaven. Whoever humbles himself like this child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.” (Matt. 18:3-4.)

IF JESUS WERE to step into our fear-ridden assemblies today, would he not again take a little child, perhaps a hungry child from one of the world’s dispossessed peoples, and say, “Learn from this child! Have faith in God and you will have no room for fears.”

How well he knew what we are so slow to understand: that the world moves forward on the feet—with the faith—of little children. It is the children in our homes, the helpless little ones who are dependent upon us, who give us the values we need for difficult days. It might be easy to compromise with what we know is right, it might be easy to give up our wealth of freedom, except for them. For their sakes, we search for the strength to endure, and we find what we search for.

Yes, parenthood means purpose for life. It means

a stake in the future we cannot fathom.

Will that eager four-year-old playing “doctor” on the dining room floor of your home, grow up to discover the cure for cancer or tuberculosis? Do you have at your table a future dietician or an embryo agricultural scientist who will help to find ways of feeding a hungry world? Will your inquisitive young scientist crack the greater secret of the atom—the secret of its control and intelligent use? Will your seven-year-old learn enough in his home about the way of reconciliation and the alchemy of goodwill to serve at diplomatic tables and perhaps save the nations from war? Is the child in your home learning from you to love goodness and to enthrono uprightness so that, upon foundations of enduring values, he can interpret God’s message for his day?

Perhaps only a miracle can save us from the encroaching darkness. But God, in his infinite mercy, still has miracles. And often they come in the form of a babe, from an ordinary home, who is imbued with an extraordinary faith in the goodness of life.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words written below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. What part of a dollar is a dime? -----	118 140 90 109 98
B. The one and the other -----	79 141 137 127
C. To sew -----	83 26 81 53 115 93
D. Talked in a light manner -----	85 5 17 3 16 6 12
E. Weak, or lacking in strength -----	95 22 31 1 18 114
F. Tossed, as a baseball -----	142 50 8 104 9 71 58
G. The cry of a horse -----	144 132 120 51 119
H. A garland of flowers -----	4 116 80 65 27 34
I. Warm, or cordial -----	28 99 77 100 23 29
J. Part of a bookcase -----	126 110 139 73 125
K. Inside -----	41 69 66 54 103 24
L. A covering to protect the head -----	62 87 21 74 84 33
M. At what time? -----	133 138 143 112
N. Nickname for a short person -----	75 102 25 49 61 78
O. Abraham's wife -----	122 134 86 96 64
P. Weighty, or moderately heavy -----	52 107 32 92 146
Q. Nickels, dimes, quarters, bills, etc. -----	76 59 39 117 94
R. Sloped, or inclined -----	20 30 35 7 45 60 91

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16		17	18	19	20
22	23		24	25	26		27	28	29	30
32	33		34	35	36	37		38	39	40
42	43	44	45		46	47	48		49	50
53		54	55	56	57		58	59	60	61
63	64	65	66		67	68	69	70	71	72
74	75		76	77	78		79	80		81
83	84	85	86	87	88		89	90	91	92
94		95	96	97	98	99	100		101	102
105		106	107	108	109	110		111	112	113
115	116	117	118		119	120	121	122	123	124
126	127	128	129	130		131	132	133	134	135
137	138	139	140		141	142	143	144	145	146

Solution on page 44.

S. Stopped -----	105 44 129 63 123 57
T. The Land of the Midnight Sun -----	82 10 131 42 128 48
U. To get up on, as a horse -----	19 40 11 70 97
V. Cleansed by scrubbing in water -----	101 55 15 68 14 37
W. Searched, or looked for -----	47 2 36 46 108 136
X. Part of the neck where you catch a cold -----	67 43 135 13 72 88
Y. Little -----	106 121 89 124 145
Z. Rings of a chain -----	130 111 56 38 113

FOR A

Safe New Year

—AT HOME

By Louise Price Bell

INTENSIVE STUDIES of accidents and their causes show that practically all of them could have been prevented. This is unhappily true of home accidents. And if you are a parent you'll be even more shocked to know that a large percentage of those accidents involved children.*

Are you very sure that your home is a safe place for small Susan or Bobby? If you aren't, take stock of all possible hazards, and rectify any probable dangers. Children are very curious individuals, you know. They like to see what is down or up that open stairway; what's just outside the open, unscreened window; what a match will do when they light it; what's on the end of the black cord that goes to the high ironing board. Closed cupboard doors excite interest, particularly closed medicine cabinet doors from which Daddy takes interesting objects with which he can make a snowy white soapsuds beard that can be whisked off in a jiffy.

THE TIME TO PREVENT any accident is before it happens. So why not check your home carefully. If your children are at the creeping or toddling stage, invest in a collapsible gate to install at the head or foot of any open stairways you may have. These gates are inexpensive and can be painted to match the woodwork. And they may save a very bad fall for your wriggly, ever-active *bambino*!

Electric outlets in baseboards are a real hazard since they seem to

fascinate youngsters. The open holes are such wonderful places to stick nails or small metal toys! To avoid this risk, plug in a five-cent bakelite cap. Simple, isn't it?

Never leave a window open unless it is not only screened, but firmly and solidly screened. A loose or poorly fitted screen will give way under the pressure of a small childish form, and the result is an obvious one.

Children should be taught a real fear of fire. In fact, many psychologists say that this is the only thing they should be taught to fear. Taking a young child to a fire where he can see the terrible destruction will often instill a fear of fire. But in our own home I have found that letting a child help me burn trash, showing him how it should be done, how the wind will carry the flames this way or that, will give him an intelligent knowledge of just what fire can do. Matches should be kept out of the reach of chubby little fingers, since they are often a temptation.

The same is true of sharp knives; a wall-holder for these dangerous implements is better than storing them in a kitchen drawer easily reached by a small child. If you have an embryo sculptor in your home, keep him supplied with soap and dull knives that will "do the trick" for him, and keep him away from really sharp blades.

When using an iron and ironing board, make sure that the iron is set out of reach of the children, if you must leave for even a short time. The best way is to unplug the iron, pull the cord up to the

board and out of reach altogether. Keep the children away from electric wringers, too. Never leave a child for even a minute within reaching distance of those crushing rollers. Not long ago a little boy's arm was pressed flat in just such a wringer—and his mother was gone hardly a minute; yet the child will carry a scarred arm all his life. And it could have been even worse.

Bathroom cupboards so often contain a variety of things that children should not touch. A careful homemaker should go over every item to make sure that she removes poisons and other dangerous things. Architects are planning ceiling-high cupboards in some homes these days, where the poisonous medications are cached. A very good idea.

Even cleaning materials that are strong should be safely housed. In fact everything and anything that stands a chance of having juvenile investigation and subsequent accidental consequences should be treated with real caution. After all, don't we all want to keep our small fry safe at home, above all places?

A safe New Year will help make a Happy New Year!

SAFETY HINTS

By MARY ELSNAU

Never leave a broom, vacuum cleaner or any similar object standing near a staircase. If it slips, someone may stumble and fall down stairs.

Never leave any buttons, pins, matches or other such objects within the reach of little children. They may swallow them, start a fire, or poison themselves.

Never leave an electric iron connected after the work is finished. If it becomes overheated, it may burn the fabric on the ironing board and start a fire.

Never touch an electric switch or other electric attachment while your hands are wet. Under no circumstances touch an electric bulb or socket while standing inside the bathtub; you may get a shock powerful enough to electrocute you.

Do not wax the floor under throw rugs; then they will not slip.

Tie your shoelace at once if it becomes loose.

*See data, page 44.

I Would Be True

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.¹

—HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER

Our Part

I think that it is good to know
That I may have a share
In making this a better world,
More friendly and more fair.

In helping nations to be friends,
I too may have a place
By welcoming the children of
Another land or race.

For God loves all alike; and you
And I may have a part
In bringing in His Kingdom of
The kind and loving heart.²

—HAZEL M. KERR

Being True

The loving Jesus is my Friend;
His quiet voice speaks in my heart;
He helps me choose what's right to do,
And makes me brave to do my part.

One day He said, "All those who love—
Who do not quarrel, but are kind,
Who help each other and forgive—
I gladly call each one my friend."

Sometimes it seems so very hard
To be polite, and kind, and true;
And then I whisper to myself,
"You're Jesus' friend; He counts on you."²

—ELSIE G. RODGERS

¹From *Christian Worship*. The Bethany Press.

²From *Hymns for Primary Worship*, Westminster Press, 1946. Used by permission.



RESOURCES

IN THE

with Young

I WOULD

The New Year is a good time to take a look at ourselves, to see the kind of persons we are. As we think of the Christian ideals toward which we strive, we try to think also of ways we can help our children take steps toward those ideals. We know we can best do that by our own example. We can help them, too, through conversation and reading, to be conscious of what is right, honorable and trustworthy, and to desire to be and do what is right and good.

For young children, this may mean such simple things as sharing a possession, telling the truth about

First Week—CHOOSING THE RIGHT

Bible Verses to Use

Do what is right and good.—Deuteronomy 6:18. (K. P.)

Whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things. What you have learned and received and heard and seen in me, do.—Philippians 4:8-9. (J)

"Verses That Help When I Am Tempted"—JPB, 1st Yr., Winter Qr., p. 14. (J)

Poems and Songs to Use

"I Will Be True the Livelong Day." (P)

"I Would Be True." (J)

"Dare to Be Brave"—JPB, 1st Yr., Winter Qr., p. 16. (J)

Prayer

Prayer on page 16—JPB, 1st Yr., Winter Qr.

Second Week—BEING A FRIEND

Bible Verses to Use

A friend loves at all times.—Proverbs 17:17. (K)

Be kind to one another.—Ephesians 4:32. (K)

A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another.—John 13:34. (P, J)

Poems and Songs to Use

"Being True." (P)

Repeat poems and songs used in First Week.

Prayer

God, our Father, we are glad for friends. Help me to be a good friend to everyone. Amen.

WORSHIP

FAMILY

Children



Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore, to Thee I come.⁴

—MARIANNE HEARN

TRUE

a broken toy, or giving up playing ball in order to keep a promise to run an errand. Such choices, though quite simple, made in childhood, help lay the foundation for Christian adult lives.

The poems, prayers and songs on these pages, and supplementary materials from various sources, have been selected to help you and your children think together of what it means to live like Jesus, what kind of person you want to be, and what you can do to become that kind of person; to help you share experiences of worship as you think of these things.³

Third Week—DOING MY PART

Bible Verses to Use

Learn to do good.—Isaiah 1:17. (K)
Repeat some of the Bible verses used previously.

Poems and Songs to Use

“Our Part.” (P)
Repeat poems and songs used previously.

Prayer

Prayer at Home.—MBL, No. 66. (K)

Fourth Week—LIVING LIKE JESUS

Bible Verse to Use

Jesus . . . went about doing good.—Acts 10:38. (K, P)

Poems and Songs to Use

“Long Years Ago.”—MBL, No. 66. (K)
“Jesus, Our Friend.”—PPB, 1st Yr., Winter Qr., p. 5. (P)
“Like Jesus.”—PPB, 2nd Yr., Winter Qr., p. 16. (P)
“When Jesus Was a Child Like Me.”—PPB, 2nd Yr., Winter Qr., p. 13. (P)
“Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be.” (J)
“My Master Was a Worker.” (J)

Prayer

God, our Father, we are glad for Jesus. We want to be like him. Help us to do good and to live as much like Jesus as we can. Amen.

³Meaning of abbreviations: MBL—*My Bible Leaflet* PPE—*Primary Pupil's Book* JPB—*Junior Pupil's Book* N—*Nursery* (3-year-olds) P—*Primary* (6-8) K—*Kindergarten* (4-5 years) J—*Junior* (9-11)

My Master Was a Worker

My Master was a worker,
With daily work to do,
And he who would be like him
Must be a worker too;
Then welcome honest labor,
And honest labor's fare,
For where there is a worker,
The Master's man is there.

.

My Master was a helper,
The woes of life he knew,
And he who would be like him
Must be a helper too;
The burden will grow lighter,
If each will take a share,
And where there is a helper
The Master's man is there.

Then, brothers brave and manly
Together let us be,
For he, who is our Master,
The Man of men was he;
The men who would be like him
Are wanted ev'rywhere,
And where they love each other
The Master's men are there.⁴

—WILLIAM G. TARRANT

I Will Be True the Livelong Day

I will be true the livelong day,
In thought and word, in all I do;
At home, at school, at work and play,
I will be true, I will be true.⁵

—NANCY BYRD TURNER

⁴From *Christian Worship*. The Bethany Press.

⁵Copyright 1927. Words used by permission, John Knox Press.



Scrubby Tail the Squirrel

By Barbara Smucker

SCRUBBY TAIL lived with his mother and two brothers in a cozy, warm nest inside a church steeple. But Scrubby Tail was not happy. Even though a strong elm tree grew near the church and three long branches hung over the steeple for the squirrel family to climb and jump on, Scrubby Tail still was not happy.

There were two reasons why he was sad. First, he did not like his name. And second, he did not like his tail. It really was a scrubby tail. His brothers and his mother had beautiful, long bushy tails. When they sat on their haunches nibbling nuts, their tails curled over their backs, like soft gray plumes.

Scrubby's tail did not curl at all. It could not, because he had only half a tail. This happened one day when Scrubby Tail and his brothers forgot to listen to their mother. They were just learning to jump from the church steeple to the tree limbs and then climb down the fat trunk onto the soft green grass below.

"Little squirrels," Mother had called to them on that day, "don't run into the street. Those black cars racing by might hit you."

But Scrubby Tail and his brothers ran into the street anyway. And just as Mother had said, a black racing car came speeding along. One of the wheels hit Scrubby across the middle of his tail. It did not hurt much, but Mother and Scrubby and the other squirrels were very much excited.

Mother made the three little squirrels stay in their nest all day. Soon the sore place on Scrubby's tail did not hurt at all. But every day his mother and his brothers looked at it and shook their heads.

"It will never grow," Mother said. "You will have to grow up with half a tail."

After that Scrubby did not like to frisk about with his brothers in the tree. He did not like for anybody to see the half tail. So he began to play alone on the church roof.

One morning, when he was racing up and down a rain pipe, he jumped onto a window sill and looked inside. Scrubby saw a kind man with a happy face, seated at a desk. The man looked up and smiled. Scrubby jumped off the sill and hid in the rain pipe, but he could see the window. Soon the man came to the window and placed two fat peanuts side by side on the ledge. Scrubby was hungry. He liked peanuts. Slowly he climbed near the window and then he jumped. He grabbed one of the nuts in his mouth and raced away. He heard the man inside laugh. Soon he wanted the other nut, so he jumped on the window ledge for it, and then turned around and hurried away again. Such good nuts! They were delicious.

Scrubby watched the window again. Sure enough, the man inside came again and put more nuts on the sill. Very soon Scrubby had scurried off with all of them. There were so many he decided to bury some under the leaves in the rain pipe.

When Scrubby looked at the window again, the man was standing by it holding a nut in his hand. Scrubby sniffed and crept closer and closer. Should he take it, could he really take it from the kind man's fingers? He did! He grabbed it in his teeth and rushed up the church steeple toward his home. But before he crawled inside, he looked at the window again and he heard the man say, "It's time you and I became friends, little fellow. I'm the preacher of this church and I see that you are my neighbor."

(Continued on page 44.)

JEANIE

and the

Night



By John A. Cappon

JEANIE, WEARING her Mother Goose pajamas, stood inside her bed, and looked out at the night. One end of her bed was near the window. The other was near the door of the closet.

"Oh, but it's dark outside," said Jeanie.

Jeanie's twin sister Carla looked out of the window. "You can see the stars," she said.

Jeanie turned toward the closet door. "That's where it's dark," she said. "In there, where the bears are."

"There aren't any bears," said Carla. "Daddy said so. And they never took the candy bars he left there. Bears like candy."

Jeanie was too tired to argue. She sat down and pushed her feet under the covers.

"We ate them in the morning, didn't we?" said Carla. "No bears are in there, or we couldn't have. They would have eaten them."

Jeanie turned her back toward Carla and reached for Margaret. But Margaret was not there.

Margaret was Jeanie's doll, as big as a real baby. When Jeanie laid her down on her back, she would cry "M-a-a—m-a-a!" very sadly, and Jeanie would have to pick her up again and kiss her. Now, when Jeanie reached out for Margaret, she remembered.

"Oh, I wish I had Margaret," she said. "I wonder what happened to her."

"Billy hid her," said Carla.

"Did he?"

"Well, he hid the pegs from your pounding bench. He hid your circus train."

"Where did he hide Margaret?"

"Maybe he took her home."

"He didn't have her when he went home," said Jeanie. Jeanie lay still in the dark, thinking of hiding places. There was a corner on the staircase. It was dark out on the stairs.

"Maybe she's out on the stairway," said Jeanie.

Carla did not answer.

Jeanie knew that her father and mother were right down below. She could hear their voices. But

she did not like to think of getting out of bed to look in the corner on the stairs. There was a small lamp on Jeanie's dresser. Her mother let her keep it lighted while she went to sleep. It did not shine very far into the hall. It did not shine into the closet at all.

"Can you see in the closet, Carla?" asked Jeanie.

Carla did not answer. The house was very still. Jeanie could hear Carla breathing. Carla was asleep.

Jeanie listened hard. There was a little sound. It came from the closet. She listened harder. She forgot about Billy. She forgot about hiding places. Something was moving in the dark closet.

Jeanie held her breath, listening. Something was moving, very quietly, in the dark. All at once Jeanie heard a soft thump. Jeanie did not know whether to scream, or to scramble deep down into her bed under the covers. She stuffed her quilt into her mouth. Then a new sound came. It was a sound that made her sit up straight in bed—a soft and sad little cry.

"M-a-a—m-a-a!"

Jeanie forgot everything she had been thinking. She jumped out of bed and ran fast to the closet.

"Margaret! Margaret!" she called.

She pushed away the coats that hung down there like heavy curtains, and dug her way inside. Her hand swept across a smooth, cool garment bag.

"Margaret!" she cried. "I'm coming, Margaret!"

Her bare foot pressed something soft that rolled, and she dropped to her knees. In the dark she felt the shaggy wool that was Margaret's golden brown hair.

"Oh, Margaret!" she said. "Did that naughty Billy hide you in here? How brave you were, not to cry till now!" Jeanie gathered Margaret into her arms and tried to get up. She bumped against the willow hamper that stood behind the row of hanging clothes, and it squeaked.

"Oh!" cried Jeanie. Then she added quickly, "It's just the hamper, Margaret. Is that where he put you? Is that where you were when you fell?" She sat down on the hamper with a little bounce, and in the darkness kissed Margaret tenderly.

"Don't be afraid, Honey," she said. "There aren't any bears here. The dark can't hurt you. You're all right, Dear. See, the dark is really nice and quiet for us to sleep."

And as she sat there in the closet in the dark, telling Margaret all the things her own mother had told her about darkness, Jeanie saw that they were all true. There were no bears. And the darkness was nothing to be afraid of at all.

SOME STRANGE CUSTOMS

The people of Syria write from right to left, nod up instead of down. The men have an affectionate way of greeting each other with a kiss, and they wear skirts, and the women wear trousers.

—BLANCHE CAMPBELL

We all want our children to become well-adjusted, responsible adults. But how can we give them opportunities to develop the proper attitudes unless we understand their point of view?

THE ASTONISHED

"I sat where they sat, and remained there astonished among them for seven days."

—EZEKIEL*

YOUR CHILD is in large measure the result of the materials you used in forming his character.

As adults we assume the prerogatives we feel are ours. We are proud of our right to freedom of thought, speech and action. We insist, often boisterously, that these freedoms, our birthright, make us very important people. In our boisterous insistence, we are still considered socially acceptable adults.

Let a child be as boisterously insistent, as tenacious in affirming his rights—he has them—and a severe punishment is often his reward. Frequently, a child is far more logical in what he thinks and in what he says than an adult, for he is not bound by tradition or by fear of his popularity. Yet he must bend to adult edict.

The ancient prophet Ezekiel said, "I sat where they sat, and remained there astonished among them for seven days." In his statement lies a deep philosophy that adults may do well to consider as they deal with children. Put yourself momentarily in a child's position, sit where he sits—and see what happens to your viewpoint.

Children are ordinarily reasonable if given half a chance. Adults like recognition; they thrive on it. So do children. "I brag on my Johnny," said the Polish grandmother, who knew nothing about psychology or Gesell. "It's good

for him. He stands straighter." How different from Kipling's Elephant Child, who was made to moan, "My father spanked me, my mother spanked me." They had all spanked him. No doubt those very spankings were awarded the hard-skinned baby after his parents had run completely out of ideas.

If children are to look back on childhood as a happy time when they knew parental understanding and protection in the family group and when they felt its concomitant security, a security which should carry over into youth and adulthood; if they are to assume properly the responsibilities that come with maturity in a world beset by insecurity and frequent catastrophic upheavals, *children must learn, as they grow up, a sense of adequacy, a knowledge of rightful ownership, and the significance of personal worth.*

Seemingly trivial experiences in childhood are of great importance and gather immense momentum as the child realizes his own relationship to them.

PRIVACY, OWNERSHIP, and personal worth may seem like far-fetched words when applied to young children, but even the smallest child is a growing reservoir for every experience and every emotion that touches him. These experiences and emotions are his be-

cause the adult world into which he has come, unbidden, forces them on him.

Does a small child truly feel a need for privacy? You, a person, an adult, do. You probably have a box in the corner of your bedroom closet or perhaps the bottom drawer of your bureau that holds some very special private papers. They are not important to other people, but they are to you. They have a special meaning for you, and you alone. But let anyone else invade your privacy and look over your belongings, and you feel resentment. Children, too, need a place to keep their very own private possessions—a drawer or a box in a corner. And the privacy of that place should be respected by adults.

Four-year-old Frankie went calling one afternoon with his mother. Papers and pennies taken from the desk drawer in his hostess' living room were offered him for play material. When all the pennies had been wrapped in the small colored papers, Frankie went to the same drawer for more. He was severely rebuked for "going into other people's things. That's not good manners."

The following day Frankie's mother routed recklessly through the child's toy box. Frankie piped up, "Manners don't do that." With quick wit the mother hid her

*Ezekiel 3:15, KJV.

PROPHET



smile and apologized penitently. "Please do excuse me. I will surely not do it again." Frankie acquiesced gallantly, adding, "You know better than that."

That box was Frankie's "privacy." He did not know the word for it but he felt it. He and he alone had the right to grant permission for anyone to enter his "holy of holies."

Do children feel a strong sense of ownership? Indeed they do! Try Ezekiel's plan and sit where they sit for a while.

MINE" is the hardest-worked word in a child's early vocabulary. His cereal is "mine," his truck, his sweater, his snow suit, his teddy bear. How can a child be taught to share anything society may need of him later, such as time, financial means, inventive genius, and creative ability, if he has no sense of complete ownership? You would not lend a book to your best friend were it not yours to lend. A child cannot share what he feels is not his. Children need to feel they own and control their possessions if they would have the full joy of giving and sharing. Their ownership should be respected by the adults with whom children associate.

Little Pete lived with his maternal grandmother. He was morose and withdrawn on a week-end visit to his favorite aunt's home.

"Seemingly trivial experiences in childhood are of great importance and gather immense momentum as the child realizes his own relationship to them."

He insisted on taking his panda to the bathroom with him, an unheard-of performance. His aunt sensed some emotional disturbance and, finally, after cautious questioning, discovered that the maternal grandmother had thrown out Peter's other small panda "because the family was moving and the big panda was enough to take along." Pete added, with troubled tone, "He'll be lonesome without me because he was only a baby panda." To be sure, it was Peter who was lonesome, and added to his loneliness was the knowledge that something which had become a part of his life, something that he had loved and had protected, was away from that love and beyond that protection.

Peter's ownership had not been respected, his sense of futility and powerlessness was too heavy for the childish heart and spirit. Had that fond grandmother "sat where they sat," small Peter would not have been confused or sad.

How helpless children must feel when adults to whom they must look for such things as food and shelter, bed at night, a stick of candy after lunch, assume full control and use unmodified authority over them. Adults in the act of

authority, frequently with stormy voice and agitated manner, tower giantlike in a child's mind as the child grapples helplessly for some way to express his sense of fair play, while at the same time he knows he will not be in any way acceptable to the parent whom he loves should he seem to be willful or disrespectful to his parental authority.

THE CHILD'S personality is a tender, pliable, susceptible thing. Each child's personality differs from that of every other child. It is unique. It is individual. His personality is what he is born with, plus what you add by what you do to his "things of the spirit."

Think of the adult groups to which you belong—the women's group at the church, the P.T.A., the Community Club. When discussion is invited and you offer an opinion, do you feel especially comfortable if some aggressive, decidedly positive group member promptly says, "That is wrong, quite contrary to all established thinking"? Something in you is jolted. If you are an overly sensitive club member, you feel a sense of rejection and you cannot enjoy

(Continued on page 36.)



A child absorbs the emotional atmosphere around him

Emotional Contagion

Love and assurance are needed in the home almost as much as food and clothes. Here are the reasons. . .

VERY LITTLE is known about emotional contagion. Adult emotions, such as disgust, anger, fear, or resentment, can penetrate and infect the personality of an infant or child just as measles can penetrate and infect his body. As a result of this lack of understanding, we stress the importance of good health, good food, and good clothes, to the exclusion of good thoughts, good mental health, and good nature. Now, we ought to pay attention to our physical

needs, but we ought not to neglect the intellectual, spiritual and emotional requirements, for the latter are fully as important as the others.

I have known people, and so have you, who have fairly good physical health, who eat fairly good food, and who wear fairly good clothes, but who are miserable because they are not healthy and happy in mind, soul, and personality. On the contrary, they were exposed from the very beginning to the virus of discord, anger, fear, hate, and a part or even the whole of the gamut of unhealthy emotions.

It sometimes happens that a man and his wife will decide to have a child in order to "bring them closer together." When the unfortunate baby is born, he becomes the principal target and the victim of the parents' maladjustments. If two adults, at least peo-

ple who are physically adults, cannot settle their differences, how can they expect the advent of a child to make matters any better? The child suffers for, like a sponge, he absorbs all the discord and violent emotion that is charging about him.

How easily an infant can absorb a mental and emotional attitude is illustrated by the case of a four-month-old girl who had been eating liver soup with relish for a month. All at once she began to dislike it and refused to eat it. Of course, the mother was distressed and puzzled by this new aversion. Returning early from work, she found the child grimacing and spitting out the food while her great-aunt, who was caring for her during the day, soothingly said, "Now, Mary, just one more spoonful of that nice liver."

"Won't you stay and have lunch?" the mother urged as the aunt prepared to go. "We're having liver and bacon."

"No, thank you," the relative replied with an expression of aversion. "I think it's disgusting to eat the insides of animals."

The mother was then able to understand why her baby had de-

veloped her unexpected dislike for liver. The aunt's feelings had been unconsciously transferred by means of emotional contagion to the infant. Soon the good woman reported that little Mary did not like egg yolk, a dish that hitherto she had been fond of. "Don't you like eggs?" asked the mother.

"Yes, of course," the aunt replied, "but not all dried up, the way you feed them to the baby."

The solution in both instances was to let the aunt prepare a food for the child that she herself liked. Then the child ate happily.

Now, just as an infant is sensitive to his elders' likes and dislikes in food, even when concealed, so he reacts to a liking or dislike of himself. No amount of dramatic acting can prevent an unwanted child from getting a pretty good idea of his real place in the family affections. Sometimes the acting may be accomplished enough to deceive the parents or the physician, but the contagion strikes the child just the same. It may emerge years later in the form of loneliness or a crushed spirit or rebellion, or it may be repressed and covered over with other experiences, but it will remain a menace to health and happiness. That is why it is so essential that parents want the children they have, and that they want them for the sake of the children, not for their own sake or for the sake of the marriage relationship.

An eminent psychologist and physician has said, "It ceases to be surprising to the psychiatrist how frequently his patients turn out to be children who were consciously or unconsciously rejected by their parents. Nor is this confined to mental patients. The pattern of a good many bodily ailments contains the thread of an unwanted child."

A woman was suffering from moods of depression. She had an affectionate husband, two fine children, and many friends. Her house left nothing to be desired. It was absurd to say to her, "This is all in your mind—but why?"

The answer lay in the past. She was the daughter of a busy doctor and a talented, self-centered mother. She had a brother three years older than she, who was very

close to his mother. There seemed to exist a charmed circle which the little girl never was quite able to break. Quietly and unconsciously she was rejected. The truth of the matter was she was not wanted. She interfered with her mother's social life. At last she learned, by pretending a docility she did not feel, to gain some measure of approval, but she grew up resentful and uncertain. The depression of later years was a direct result.

No one knows how many misshapen lives there are as a result of their parents' rejection, and they were parents who thought they were doing a good job of rearing their children. They gave them good clothes, good food, and a good education. They taught them manners and possibly gave them some measure of culture—everything but the thing they needed most—love and assurance that they were wanted.

It is no wonder that Jacob of Bible times became known throughout all history as a trickster. He grew up in a home where trickery and favoritism pervaded the atmosphere. He was his mother's favorite, and his twin brother Esau was his father's favorite. Jacob's father Isaac was the favored son of his father Abraham, who cast off his own son Ishmael, and Jacob's mother Rachel had been taught the art of deception by her family in Padan-aram. With such a background, it is no wonder that Jacob became a trickster.

In spite of his spiritual growth in later years after hard experience, Jacob still did not free himself from that old sin of favoritism and rejection. As a result, one of his sons, Joseph, was the object of dislike and aversion on the part of his brothers, and a chain of events was set in motion that brought upon him years of hardship, slavery and suffering.

However, in spite of all the reversals that came upon him as an innocent victim of the sins of others, Joseph retained his optimistic and hopeful attitude toward life. The years did not sour him. Hate and revenge did not boil within

his soul. He possessed a winsome personality, a good mind, and a happy disposition. When time brought his brothers cowering at his feet, he did not gloat in malicious anticipation of revenge. On the contrary, he philosophically looked upon the whole thing as being a part of the will of God. "You meant it to me for evil," he affirmed, "but God meant it to me for good." He freely and gladly forgave them all and more than that made a home for them in his adopted homeland of Egypt. How could such a disposition and attitude as Joseph's come out of such a family background of discord?

The answer lies in the fact that all through his life Joseph retained his faith in the goodness of God. Somehow he caught that good germ when he was a child and it stayed with him. When he was sold into slavery by his brothers, he felt sure God would look after him. When he was unjustly thrown into jail by his Egyptian master, he believed it would all work out for good in spite of everything. He kept his faith in the goodness of God, and that faith sustained him all through his life.

There was the young woman who, in her earlier years, seemed doomed to be a helpless neurotic. She was an unwanted child. She grew up afraid and uncertain of herself. She knew she was unwanted by the stepmother who dominated her father.

For awhile it seemed she was doomed to failure as an office secretary. She was so afraid, so ridden with a sense of being inferior, that when she came to work in the morning her hands were cold with perspiration. But there came the time when that young woman started to grow in assurance and poise. That was the day she committed life into the keeping of the heavenly Father. There were days when she would again be afraid and she would feel forsaken, but those days became fewer and fewer. Today she is pursuing a course of study and preparation she would have fled from five years

(Continued on page 47.)



IT WAS ON THE evening when young Roger's eyeglasses suddenly catapulted into the bowl of applesauce that matters came to a head. For a long time Jim Masters had wondered what was wrong with the meals in his household. He had not been conscious of trying to analyze the reason for his dissatisfaction; it was just a vague feeling of displeasure with mealtimes.

Certainly, there was nothing wrong with the superlative food Jessie planned; she was still a cook above good cooks. Their healthy children—nine-year-old Roger, boisterous seven-year-old Colin, and the tiny fairy Julie—usually did more than justice to their servings. Yet Julie's appetite had been erratic since babyhood. Sometimes for a week she would barely pick at her plate, listening to the boys or himself, her soft blue eyes moving from one to the other with a solemn questioning.

As Jim opened the front door he tossed his hat in the closet, his ears picking up the cheery confusion of sound that a family works up to by 6:15 in the evening.

There was Julie's shrill "Daddy! Daddy!" as she flung herself at his legs; a little more distant, a deep, mechanical voice announced sports results on the radio. Just over that sound the completely different young voices of Rog and Colin argued fervently about the teams' prospects. Colin's clear voice butted into his brother's stumbling, hesitant words.

Picking up Julie, Jim thought absently, *I wish Colin wouldn't get Rog into arguments, even friendly ones.* The stammer had been no better for months now, but the doctor told them Roger's speech might improve as he grew older. The boy's disposition was a blessing, at any rate. Self-conscious, bookish, he nevertheless possessed a fountain of good humor and fun that cast bright drops of laughter over his hourly defeats.

Jim answered the boys' greetings, moved to the kitchen from which came the familiar slap-slap of a wooden spoon beating flavorsome dough.

Jessie looked up from the bowl and grinned at the two, hardly conscious of the lines of her husband's features after eleven years of evening homecomings.

"Just making muffins to go with dessert," she said. "It'll only be about ten minutes."

"Right," he acknowledged, leaving Julie to lick the spoon, and turning back to the living room and his newspaper.

HE LIKED THIS short period before dinner. For ten minutes he could relax in his easy chair, leafing through the newspaper, sniffing the good smells from the kitchen, absorbing the incomparable atmosphere of coming home to the blood of his blood, to the partner of his life. The enjoyment was completely unconscious, as it would be with a million other family men. He would have been thoroughly embarrassed, as shaken with self-consciousness as Roger, if he had been forced to put his appreciation into naked words. Exposing one's innermost emotions was somehow a little shameful.

A STORY—By Joyce Knudsen

For This

He loved his wife and rigidly taught the children not to take her work for granted. But the years of intimacy had woven a fine web of restraint between them and he would have felt an utter fool suddenly to tell her that her eyes were a lovelier blue than when she was a young bride. He faithfully went to church on Sunday for family worship, saw that his children attended church school—and he would have been far more bashful than a child, actually to use the name God in everyday life in his home. He was like a million other men and women.

So he sat in his easy chair, pleasurably soaking in the warm, relaxing interlude before dinner. And then, as usual, the atmosphere began subtly to change.

It began with Jessie's slightly breathless, "Come, please!"

As they converged on the table, she was still bringing serving dishes from the kitchen, her face faintly tense with the homemaker's traditional concentration on seeing that everything was ready and in place. The five Masterses slipped into their places—a bounce from Colin, a leggy stumble from Roger, a scramble from Julie, the mature settling into chairs of Jim and Jessie. The meal began.

JIM PICKED up his carving knife, and Jessie lifted the covers from the vegetable dishes. Julie had already spilled a little of her tomato juice.

Jessie was a trifle sharp: "Take your time, Julie! Don't grab at your glass."

The spicy meat loaf and fresh vegetables should have been delicious. Colin, his busy brain still occupied with sports, spoke around his whipped potatoes. "Dad, I gotta have a catcher's mitt. Cooney's got a new bat."

"For goodness' sake, don't talk with your mouth full! You don't need something new just because of Cooney, either."

"Aw-w, Dad!"

"M-M-Mom, c-can you find that *T-T-Treasure Island* book for me? I s-said I'd lend it to D-Dawson."

"I think I can find it, Roger. By the way, you're supposed to look after your own books."

Colin had playfully filched a piece of meat loaf from Julie's plate. "Daddy!" she wailed.

Food . . .



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TIMMINS

Jim remained in quiet thanksgiving a moment. Roger had scarcely stammered! He looked up with happy inspiration and smiled at the boy

Jim's voice was stern. "Look, let's have some peace at the table. Behave yourself, Colin, or you can leave the room."

In the momentary quiet that followed, Jessie asked, "Busy today, Jim?"

"Too busy," he grunted. "We need more help. I don't know why the old skinflint doesn't take on more staff . . ."

It was the old evening complaint, and Jessie sighed, wishing she could remember to try a new opening in her dinner conversation with her husband. The beginning of dinner took so much busy concentration that the old tactless words automatically came to her lips without time for thought.

Jim had finished his grumble and, half listening to the boys' vigorous talk as they ate, he reflected, *Too much restlessness at mealtime; we go straight from one activity to another without real preparation. Too many demands by the youngsters and too much unconstructive criticism from their elders.*

Once he had suggested they try quiz games at the table, but the increasing tempo of excitement had been exactly the opposite of what he had in mind. On rare, exasperated occasions Jessie had sharply forbidden talk of any kind, and then sat miserably through her own meal in the dead, unnatural silence.

The two boys, as they had been trained, got up in a loose-jointed flurry of young arms and legs to

I have seen little candles throw
At first a feeble ray,
Then slowly multiply their glow
And drive the dark away.

I have seen lights when dusk came down
Meet and disperse the night,
Along the street, across the town,
Till everything was bright.

I have seen dawnlight rise, and flow
Across the Eastern sky,
And spread, and reach, and lift, and grow
Until the day was high.

Best of all, I have seen the light
Of understanding rise,
And put the questionings to flight
In a child's eager eyes.

CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

remove the dishes and bring in the dessert. With a touch of irritation Jessie was picking up bits of food from Julie's place.

IT WAS AS Roger appeared through the kitchen doorway, bearing the bowl of chilled applesauce and whipped cream, that he coughed sharply. In the split second as he stopped to catch his breath, Colin came behind him and helpfully slapped his back with hearty exuberance. Roger would have good-humoredly grinned, but with staggering suddenness his glasses shot off and plopped squarely into the bowl of applesauce.

He stood, struck with horror, the cut-glass bowl still in his hands. Colin was stunned and ashamed. What might have been a hilariously funny incident was rightly judged to be the shameful climax to an unrestful, hectic meal.

Jim spoke each word with cold deliberation: "Take it back to the kitchen. That's your mother's good dessert you've ruined."

Jessie looked surprisingly as if she were fighting tears. On the pretext of getting the muffins, she

slipped into the kitchen and the boys stole back to their places, Roger still hurriedly wiping his glasses. There was heavy, awkward silence.

Jessie brought in hot muffins with a jar of her own cherry jam. The golden cakes were passed in continued quiet. After a few minutes Roger, dependably anxious for everyone to be happy again, tried valiantly to clear the atmosphere.

"D-Dad, I forgot to t-tell you. We learned grace at ch-church school last week."

Jim looked up at him abruptly. He stared at the boy. *Out of the mouths of babes!* His memory flung back to Grandfather's table where the asking of the blessing, the few-moments of reverent thanksgiving, were religiously observed. He could remember as clearly as if it were yesterday the calm enjoyment that even the youngest at the table used to feel as they lifted their eyes from prayer and began a meal where the Lord had been invited as the unseen guest. Why had it seemed unnecessary, embarrassing, when he began his own home?

Briefly, he fought the unwillingness to speak easily of things close to the soul. Then the words came with gentleness.

"I think we've been pretty lax about saying grace in this house. Would you oblige, Son?"

Even as they bowed their heads, Jim thought remorsefully, *I shouldn't put him on display like that.*

The silence had changed to one of warm expectancy. Roger took an audible breath.

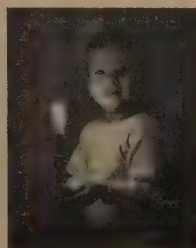
"W-we thank thee, Lord, for these and all thy blessings."

Jim remained in quiet thanksgiving a moment longer. The boy had scarcely stammered at all! He looked up with happy inspiration.

"I guess we all feel better now. How about each of us taking turns asking the blessing every day?"

The youngsters beamed. But under the table a surprising movement took place. Jim felt the small toe of Jessie's shoe reach against his own, linger against his foot in affectionate communication.

Feeling ridiculously happy, Jim cut open his warm muffin and spread it liberally with the sweet cherry jam.



OUR COVER

With his bright, expectant eyes and happy face, this little boy might well be welcoming the New Year. Instead, he is posing for a portrait while his grandmother looks on. He's a real boy—Craig Jerner by name, now aged fourteen, and a Boy Scout with badges and merit awards. And his grandmother reads *Hearthstone*, not as you and I, but aloud, pronouncing every word distinctly and mentioning paragraphs and punctuation. For Lillie Jerner—that's the proud grandmother's name—has worked in our proofroom steadily for many a year.

"IT TAKES A HEAP O' LIVIN' "

Here is how two young women made their shared apartment a "real home away from home"



Home! After a trying day at the office, this word is like soothing music! It means many things to many people, and I'd like to tell you what it means to me. "Home" is a small three-room apartment which I share with another business girl. It's the place where I know I'll find an understanding listener when things go wrong, and it's the place where together we share in many of the wonderful experiences which go to make homelife Christian.

When Alice and I first decided to share an apartment, we made a list of our liabilities and assets. We talked over the problems of cooking, cleaning, and the many other duties which go along with housekeeping. We named the things we wanted our home to mean to us, and when we had finished, we were ready to begin this new adventure in Christian living.

From the very beginning, everything we did was shared on a two-way basis. The expenses of the apartment were divided two ways, of course, and the housework was shared as well. Often we found it difficult to live within our stated budget, but with mutual understanding and effort we managed. Because our apartment was small, we could not adopt an each-go-his-own-way attitude, and now we're glad we couldn't. Our close quarters helped to bind us together into a real family unit,

and because of this we now have a real home away from home!

One of the things which have taken us through many hard places was the fact that we were friends as well as roommates. We shared many common interests, such as music, and in several instances the strong points of one have strengthened the weak points of the other. Alice, for example, is an artist by hobby and has taught me to appreciate and to take an interest in art. On the other hand, I like to play tennis and induced her to buy a racket.

We are both members of the same church, a coincidence which has served as a steppingstone in our home-building. We have taken an active part in the young adult group at the church. In addition, we both sing in the choir and share our worship and fellowship experiences just as

we did with our own families at home for so many years.

EACH HAD had to learn to adjust herself to the other's way of acting and speaking and thinking. When a native of the wheat-fields of Nebraska joins forces with a true daughter of the Old South almost anything can result! Alice, the youngest of five children, was

reared on a Nebraska farm. Her family moved to town when she was in high school. By this time her sisters and brothers had left home to make their way in the city. She attended a church college and received her degree before she set out in the business world. My background was quite different. I lived in a college town in the South all my life, and my parents and my seven brothers and sisters were a close family unit until the time I entered the university. I had not finished work for my undergraduate degree when I came to this city to work.

More specifically, we are different in the way we react. Alice makes decisions swiftly and acts swiftly. I move with the slowness that is characteristic of a Southerner. I take more time than Alice takes in eating, reading, and even washing the supper dishes. Such insignificant things could easily be our "point of departure" were we to let them annoy us or exhaust our patience. It takes a heap of patience, even in the best-regulated family!

We soon discovered that letters from home could mean so much more if we could share them. With the aid of snapshots and stories of our families, we were able to know each other's family although we had never met in person. Alice had to learn the names of my seven brothers and sisters, their spouses and children, but she was determined to do so. As a result, I can refer to a sister or nephew or an in-law, and she will know the person involved. This makes it so much nicer when members of our families come to visit us, as they sometimes do. We feel that our knowing about each other's family has helped greatly in our attempt to understand each other. It's another bridge across the gap.

Through experience, "sharing" has become the number one word in our vocabulary. We have learned meanings to this word that even Mr. Webster didn't know existed! As in any family, there are some things which are personal



property and should remain that way. But there are also things which give a greater and richer enjoyment when they become the property of the family. Alice had a radio from the beginning and I had an iron. I play the radio quite often and she uses the iron without having to ask permission. These are but simple examples of our sharing. Since establishing our home two years ago, we have purchased several pieces of furniture which belong to us jointly. We have learned that a house becomes a home when the first person pronouns "my and mine" are dropped in favor of "our and ours." This change hasn't been easy at all times, but the results of sharing have made our efforts worth while.

After we had lived in an attic apartment for a year, we were given an opportunity to move into a new one in the home of some good friends. The kitchen was furnished for us, but we had the privilege of painting the walls and fixing the other rooms to suit our own taste. I say "privilege," for that is truly what it was. We were allowed to use our hands and our own ideas in fixing the apartment as we wanted it. We selected the color schemes for each room and made drapes and chair covers and even bookcases. Each stroke of the brush and each stitch of the sewing machine helped to make the apartment a comfortable, livable home. More important than comfort, it was ours in a new, more visual way.

In a very real sense we have been like sisters to each other. But there are times when a sister is the last person on earth you want around! When one of us is entertaining her date, the other has learned to find something in the bedroom or kitchen to keep her busy. We believe in practicing the Golden Rule, especially at this point! Fortunately, there's always something to be done around an apartment when the time for housework is so limited. Just as we've learned to make ourselves scarce on appropriate occasions, we've also learned to lend a helping hand when there are guests for dinner, or when friends come in to spend the evening.

One of our most treasured privileges is that of talking over our concerns and personal problems. Of course, we don't pretend to solve each other's difficulties, but "talking it over" often sets us on the right path. Besides, it gives each of us an idea of the type work the other does, and the things which are expected of us professionally. It always helps when one knows and is genuinely concerned about her roommate's job as well as other interests.

FAMILY LIFE is not complete unless there is a definite plan for spiritual enrichment, and we discovered a real opportunity for development spiritually in our experiences of sharing a home. Grace at mealtime has always been as much a part of our homelife as the meal itself, and we were anxious from the very beginning to continue this moment of

thanksgiving. We have no set plan that we follow, however. Sometimes we pray silently, at other times one of us will voice our thanks, or perhaps we will say the Lord's Prayer together as our worship. We often share aloud a devotional reading from *The Secret Place* or a favorite book of meditations, but more often we seek spiritual food in the quietness of moments spent alone.

Edgar Guest once said: "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home." We've had the thrill of discovering that whether it be in a house, a mansion, an apartment or just a one-room shack, it takes a heap of *Christian* living to make home.

The Astonished Prophet

(From page 29.)

the balance of the meeting. You may even withdraw into a kind of capsulated, isolated club member who comes to be marked present each month but whose club relationship stops at that point.

How does five-year-old Kenneth feel when he expresses an opinion on what makes the light in fireflies or why clouds take different shapes, only to hear his

father say, "Nonsense, when you are older you will read about fireflies in the encyclopedia."

Six-year-old Charles watched a sunset one summer evening and after a long silence said, "The clouds look as if they had been swept by angel wings."

"Well," said his practical father, "that's a new job for angels." An hour later Charles was heard to say to his mongrel pup, "You saw the angels' wings like I did, didn't you? I saw you looking, too."

To respect a child's privacy, ownership, and personality is to create a savings account on which the child may and can draw when he needs a sense of adequacy and security to face the responsibilities of a well-rounded, contributing citizen. Intelligent, careful, loving, understanding parental training is the deposit in this savings account on which the young adolescent and the more mature adult depend.

Ezekiel "sat where they sat, and remained there astonished among them for seven days"! Our tempo has speeded up considerably since Ezekiel's time. The sitting process need not take so long as that, but the act of sitting, *the experience of sitting where children sit and of getting their viewpoint is well worth the time it may take.*

PRAYER OF A HOMEMAKER

On Wash Day

Dear Heavenly Father:

Once again it is a family washday. And in all the many details of this routine I have never taken time to thank Thee for the infinite blessings of this day. Hear now my gratitude for the purifying sunshine whose fragrance lodges in the clean white sheets; the winds of eternity which stop a moment in our yard to touch the workday garments hanging on the line; the good fresh air of winter and summer which penetrates the pores of the various fabrics; the water from earth's wells and streams which washes away stains and debris. Yes, please accept my thanks for all these eternal manifestations which come into my home on washday. May they help to cleanse my own heart as I work with Thee.

Amen.

RUTH C. IKERMAN



Family Counselor

Question (from Lois V., aged 17, valedictorian of her high school class): "Dr. Crane, my parents are very happy because I made such high grades," she admitted, "but I think I would much rather have been elected the most popular girl. While I take pride in having the highest average, and have won a scholarship at the university for next year, I am not very happy. For it seems to me that I am on the side lines watching other people really enjoy life. I am easily embarrassed in crowds, and feel tongue-tied when I meet a stranger. Dr. Crane, are some people just born popular, or can a girl remodel her personality and win friends?"

BEN FRANKLIN'S FORMULA

Every person of normal intelligence can be popular! There is a definite technique for winning friends, just as there is a routine method for becoming a good piano player.

In each case, you must diligently practice the well-established rules which will inevitably lead to success.

Wise old Benjamin Franklin said, "As we must account for every idle silence."

However, too many of us march through life relatively blind and tongue-tied. We fail to notice the good deeds or virtues in our family and friends until death may suddenly awaken us to their talents and unselfish acts.

To meet such a problem as Lois cites today, I developed the "Compliment Club" idea, and employed it with my psychology classes at Northwestern.

To be a member of the Compliment Club, you must pay a sincere, merited compliment to each of three people, every day for thirty consecutive days. The results are often astounding.

In the first place, shy, self-conscious people usually have their attention focused on themselves, which is why they are self-conscious.

In order to pay three honest compliments each day, however, such a person must direct his attention away from himself to his social environment. He must become what I call a "social detective," ferreting out the virtues and good things about his associates.

Then he must verbally express his appreciation for those laudable qualities. After thirty days of this psychology experiment, the habit is pretty well started.

And it is really fun, too! Many schools and colleges, church groups and entire families have enrolled as a group.

Then, at the dinner table, or in class, they will report upon the very interesting results which they have observed.

And they soon become keen observers of people, so they find that not only do they win friends, but they then are much less self-conscious, stuttering, blushing or nervous when in crowds.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

In fact, where they previously dreaded people, they now eagerly look forward to being with groups so they can start their social detective work.

The art of conversation is also rather simple under this new plan. But let me cite a few testimonials:

Here's a dentist: "I find that my work is much more pleasant and patients are increasing since I started the Compliment Club. I don't think so much about my own ego any more, but keep my attention on my patients."

And here's a young woman: "My brother used to call me 'old sour puss' until I started the Compliment Club idea. But he hasn't called me that for six weeks. Besides, I now have twenty junior girls in my church school class, in comparison to the measly six I had before."

So send a 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope, with a dime for printing costs, for the Compliment Club materials, including the five kinds of compliments you can employ on everybody.

It will set you on the road to happiness and popularity within thirty days! And it will add salary increases, too.

* * *

You have a circus in your community twelve months of the year, and can obtain innumerable laughs if you simply observe how the advertisers crack the whip while the American public dutifully jumps through the hoops and even pays for the privilege. Beware of subversive advertising. Good advertising, however, benefits both consumer and manufacturer.

When our oldest children, George and Philip, were about ten and nine respectively, the following incident occurred.

"I bought you boys some new pajamas today," Mrs. Crane informed them. "You may take your choice. One pair is blue and the other is green."

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on thee,"
Oh, loving God, let there be peace
Established now in me.

Help me harmonize my home,
Calm my heart and mind;
Make me gentle, poised and sure,
My spirit mild and kind.

Help me, now, express this love,
Help me to do my part
To bring more peace and harmony
To the world's big troubled heart.

NONA KEEN DUFFY

Philip quickly decided on the blue, while George was still trying to make up his mind.

"Which do you think would make me look older?" George finally asked. And his mother tactfully decided that he would probably look more mature in the green pair, especially since Philip had already taken the blue ones.

CHILDREN APE ADULTS

All children and teen-agers long for adulthood as the "promised" land. They want to appear "big." Conversely, they shun all things that intimate babyhood. So they ape many bad habits of their heroes and heroines.

In high school, the young fellows will thus eagerly adopt any style or fashion which they think makes them appear older. Indeed, the cigarette and pipe manufacturers capitalize on this excessive hunger for adulthood on the part of adolescents, and figuratively crack the advertising whip while many high schoolers meekly jump through the hoop. It is pathetic to see a callow youth of seventeen sucking on a pipe and trying to appear nonchalant. The same is equally true of the girls who choke and splutter in their own cigarette smoke.

UNNATURAL APPETITES

Tobacco and alcohol at the outset are unpleasant to our taste.

Some things, however, are natively pleasant, such as sugar. Other foods are in the neutral category on first contact, such as spinach and bread. Still other substances are decidedly unpleasant at the first contact. Tobacco and alcohol, quinine and very acid or hot substances belong in this group. So we must force ourselves to use them. The reason their later addicts are willing to put up with this unpleasant original taste is because of some remote goal which they aspire to attain, such as their juvenile worship of adulthood. Thus, young people go through the painful initiation into alcohol or tobacco simply because they want to appear grown up. For they think sophistication is a mark of adulthood and they erroneously believe it stands for smoking and drinking.

SLAVES TO ADVERTISING

Advertising is a great boon to modern civilization, but at the same time it can exert a detrimental influence, if the aims of its sponsors are thirty pieces of silver.

Women are now smoking cigarettes simply because the manufacturers wanted a new market for their product, so they cleverly popularized the use of tobacco by our American girls. Their aim was solely to increase profits. For tobacco has both mental as well as physical injurious effects and is an

unnecessary drain on the pocket-book of the average family, since the average cigarette smoker burns up seventy-five dollars per year on the end of his cigarettes.

But both liquor and tobacco sales are being pushed by tremendous financial backing, the sole incentive being that which motivated Judas Iscariot. Oh, the manufacturers will rationalize and tell the public they are doing a noble deed in furnishing a market for millions of bushels of rye and barley or tons of tobacco leaf, but the munitions makers can also rationalize beautifully, as did the Krupp interests in Germany. Their lack of a sense of humor is pathetic. To read the recent propaganda leaflets of liquor and tobacco companies, one would imagine them to be the backbone of this Republic and the very pillars of decency.

It is interesting how men can lose their sense of perspective and thus try to paint white wings on Judas Iscariot. But that is typical of many human beings, and the function of this column is to portray human nature, good as well as bad, so you can view the facts.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine, enclosing a long, \$3-stamped, addressed envelope and a dime when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

A Valiant Heart

No task too hard,

No day too long,

When a valiant heart

Sings an inner song

That spreads its happiness

Each day

To other folks

Along the way!

LEWELLYN COWAN

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN in the best regulated of families. Like it or not, you'll have to be the doctor until the doctor arrives.

Or maybe it's just going to be a case of a flesh-raw sunburn, persistent hiccoughs, or a tiny cinder in the eye. Then it's good to know how to relieve the discomfort rather than aggravate it.

Let's start with the children first. Since they insist on being children, they are dependable. You know what to expect. They'll stick peas, seeds, and all sorts of things into ears and noses. And they'll swallow almost anything. Pins, buttons, marbles, coins, bones, and even small whistles and bolts have been extracted from their insides with the gastroscope.

If the object is lodged in the nose or ear, don't poke, and don't use water. Membranes are easily damaged, and water will expand seeds and wooden objects. Use olive oil to clear the ear; if blowing the nose doesn't dislodge the obstruction there, try pepper to work up a good sneeze.

When a child gets something in his throat, an attempt to rescue the object with the fingers may result in complications unless you are extremely careful. Holding the child over the side of a bed and slapping vigorously between the shoulder blades is the best procedure.

When small coins or closed safety pins are swallowed, a diet of cereal, potatoes, and bread for a day or two will help coat the article and aid in its expulsion from the body without any damage to the alimentary tract. Add plenty of milk and water.

For an open pin or a nail, send for the doctor at once.

Skinned knees and elbows are common mishaps. First, wash clean with soap and water, paint with antiseptic, and bandage lightly to admit air.

Many boys, on a dare, have stuck their tongues on some frozen metal and discovered the difficulty of calling for help to prevent a badly skinned tongue. If the metal is small enough and movable, put it and the boy's face into a pan of warm water. If lips and tongue



are stuck fast to some unmovable frozen metal, you must get warm water and separate them.

For severe frost bite, don't rub the affected parts too vigorously. Your chief concern must be to restore circulation gradually. To do this, apply cold water (not snow) and rub very gently. Increase the temperature of the water until all signs of frost disappear.

But frost isn't the only nipper. Dogs, snakes and wood ticks take a turn occasionally. In the case of dogs and snakes it is important to prevent dispersion of poison through the tissues. Allow bleeding but do not allow walking or undue excitement. If the bite is really severe, apply a tourniquet a few inches above the wound. Release the tourniquet every fifteen minutes or so for about one minute, if the doctor cannot be in attendance immediately. If a dog has done the biting, it should be reported and placed under observation for rabies. If a snake is the bad actor, it should be summarily executed for low treason.

Wood ticks may transmit spotted fever and a peculiar type of paralysis, especially in children. When a tick becomes attached to a human being, try to break up the attachment gradually, without leaving any hard feelers behind. If you pluck it off by force too suddenly, the irritating mandibles may be left in the skin. A drop of benzine or turpentine will often cause

the insect to relinquish its stubborn ideas of "friendship." The surrounding tissues should then be disinfected with iodine.

In the case of suspected poisoning, induce vomiting by means of a tablespoonful of mustard in a glass of warm water. And call the doctor.

At the first sign of poison ivy rash, cover the spot with a cloth dampened with a cool solution of boric acid. A severe sunburn may be treated in the same way.

Chilblains are a common annoyance. Relief may be obtained by dabbing the tingling parts with alcohol or spirits of camphor.

Anyone, young or old, may have a bout with the hiccoughs. Ever try the paper balloon trick? You place a paper bag over the nose and mouth and breathe into it.

When removing that annoying speck from the eye, use the corner of a clean handkerchief moistened with a weak solution of salt and water.

If clothing catches on fire, it is quickest to smother the flames by rolling the endangered person in a rug or blanket. One excited mother, seeing her child's dress aflame near the fireplace, threw a pitcher of milk which she carried in her hand, over the parlor floor, then she raced out to the kitchen for a jug of fireman's water. There was a light blanket available on the sofa at the time. The child was badly burned by the time the fire was extinguished. Then the mother treated the blisters with butter. Wrong again. Grease will do for minor burns, but hinders further treatment in severe cases. Never attempt to open a blister. Apply a cold, wet compress of bicarbonate of soda or boric acid.

After a fall, if you see the victim rising with difficulty, encourage him to lie quietly where he is until the doctor arrives, and so avoid causing more serious injury and a big hospital bill as well. Place a pillow under the patient's head, and cover him with a coat or blanket to prevent a chill.

A final tip: Any time you wish to do something thoughtful until the doctor arrives, put the kettle on the stove. Boiling water may come in handy.

ARE YOU A *BIGAMIST?*

Before you fling out that horrified denial, stop and think. On a certain memorable day, you took the most solemn of vows. You became a wife. Your husband's.

Today, when you fill out a questionnaire, you probably write, "Occupation: housewife." So before you cast off as libel the charge of bigamy, ask yourself if you are one of those women who are, literally, the *wife of a house*.

"And what's wrong with that?" you sputter. I know! I know! Nature implanted in the feminine breast a special feeling for dainty curtains, antiques, hooked rugs, lamps, linens, pots and pans. Naturally, we purr happily when we're called wonderful housekeepers. But even a good thing can be carried too far, and it's a wise woman who can keep her love affair with her house from alienating the affection of the other members of her family.

For the house should serve *them*, not *they* the house. But some women sacrifice husbands and children to their Other Love. Many an unfortunate spouse is made uncomfortable in his very own home.

And unlucky the siblings whose mother is married to a house. Their childhood is apt to be a pretty dreary thing. Like that of the little Gibson boys. One day, while calling on their mother, a perfectionist, I sighed over the exquisite orderliness; then I exclaimed: "How on earth do you manage to keep things like this with two little boys?"

My hostess's charming smile vulcanized. "I have *trained* my boys," she announced, "to *respect MY HOUSE*."

On the way out, I spied her small sons, unnaturally clean, play-

ing listlessly with blocks. Of course, they don't have a dog to play with. Dogs do damage. Ask *me*! And their hairs do get into rugs.

I hurried back to my own battered dwelling, my mussed, boisterous children and matching pup, and I loved every dent in my furniture and every fingerprint on the walls. For furniture can be cleaned, repaired, reupholstered. Rugs can be vacuumed. Walls can be repainted or repapered. Woodwork can be washed. But you can never recover the spirit of a child who has played second fiddle to a house.

Mrs. Gibson said: "*My house*."

Why hers? What makes us women so arrogantly sure that houses belong to *us*? Why not "*our*" house? If we'd share that love affair, the rest of the family might make it a family affair.

And let's call ourselves, not *housewives*, but *homemakers*, to remind ourselves that we can make a *home* of the humblest, most poorly furnished shack, or even a rented room.

Kate Dabny did just that. Kate's husband lost his money and Kate lost her beautiful house, and the family had to move into two rented rooms. Not even with kitchen privileges. But Kate put up her lovely pictures and her draperies. She managed with an electric burner. She decorated the rooms for holidays and birthdays. The cakes she served were bought at the corner store. But when the candles were lit, the family felt the bond of togetherness that comes when four walls say: "This is HOME!" For Kate, you see, had never committed bigamy.

And you? Are you the wife of a house? Or can you say, in proud truth, that you are still true to the man you stood beside as you took your vows that DAY OF DAYS?

All in the Family

By Harold Helfer

A cab driver ran up to Patrolman George Fencel in Philadelphia and asked him to escort him to a hospital quickly. A young woman in his cab was expecting a baby. Fencel took one look in the cab, jumped on his motorcycle and led the cab to Jefferson Hospital with siren wide open. The expectant mother was the policeman's wife Joan.

P. S. They made it.

The Miller family tree in Montreal has run riot. It all began when Christian Godfrey Miller married Lucie Levesque, sister of Emilie Levesque who had married Christian Godfrey's son, Corey Alexander, a year earlier. Now the possibilities of relationships between all four are almost limitless. For instance: Christian Godfrey is his son's brother-in-law, and Lucie is her sister Emilie's mother-in-law. And Corey's sister-in-law Lucie is his stepmother . . . and Christian Godfrey's daughter-in-law Emilie is his sister-in-law . . . and since Corey Alexander's wife, Emilie, is his stepmother's sister, it follows she must be his aunt as well as his wife!

The two O'Connell brothers, Tom and Jeff, aren't twins but their Dartmouth College records read like carbon copies. Tom, a senior, and his younger brother, Jeff, have both been elected president of their respective classes; taken top honors as the best actor in inter-fraternity play competitions; been elected president of Green Key, honorary; won the same oratory prize. And, as a team, the brothers won an inter-fraternity debating contest and played dual leads in a prize-winning fraternity play.

Mrs. John F. May, 46, Worcester, Massachusetts, gave birth recently to her twenty-first and twenty-second children—both girls. It was the first multiple birth in the family, which now numbers 12 girls and 8 boys. Two boys died in infancy. The oldest child is 25.

In Deadwood, South Dakota, Grocer Emory Rosburg plunked down 9,070 pennies to pay the hospital bill after the birth of a daughter—whose name is Penny Lou.



Books for the Hearth Side

BOOKS ON AFRICA

Reviewed by William J. Keech

Africa is very much in the news today. It has been called the next major area of crisis in the world. This is important to us because of our Christian responsibility in taking the gospel to its inhabitants, and because their problems are to such a great extent our problems. They cannot solve their problems apart from us, nor can we solve our problems apart from them.

The books reviewed here are intended for our stimulation and enjoyment, and to awaken our concern. They were produced by the Joint Commission on Missionary Education of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States of America. Published by the Friendship Press (New York), they are beautifully designed, with easy-to-read print and colorful covers and jackets. Not only are they valuable for any church library on missions, but they make attractive (and inexpensive) gifts.

◆ ◆ ◆
African Heritage, by Emory Ross, is a very readable adult book in which the "problem areas" of this great continent are reduced to six. First, it presents the question of human rights, showing how they were forged by tradition, colonialism, religion and, recently, by communism. In another engrossing chapter it shows how close the African is to Mother Earth and describes the effect of this relationship on the African's religion and its implications for Christianity. An "education-mad" continent and communist infiltration are described in subsequent chapters. These give the setting for the future of the Christian program in Africa and describe the place the churches of North America will have in that program.

The author, Dr. Ross, is recognized as one of the world's experts on Africa. He has frequently been consulted by the United States and other United Nations' governments. His book will be an important one in the literature of Christian missions for a long time. (Cloth, \$2.00; paper, \$1.25.)

◆ ◆ ◆
This Is Africa (1952 edition), by S. Franklin Mack, is pictorial education of a high order. It combines photographs, graphs and charts with concise information on such subjects as village life, industrialization, missions, literacy, history, racial types and human resources. It will stimulate interest and serve as an excellent background for the study of Africa. (Paper only, 50 cents.)

◆ ◆ ◆
Africans on Safari, by Leslie C. Sayre, is the story of real living people on the long safari from primitive tribal life to adult Christianity. The threads of these true-to-life stories have been woven into a delightful and informing novel by Dr. Sayre, who was a missionary superintendent in the Belgian Congo and then principal of Springer Institute.

Through the eyes of a retired American pastor on a visit to Africa, we view a colorful canvas of African life. We see the revolution taking place under the impact of religion, as African civilization is industrialized and urbanized. The story is touching, humorous and often startling.

The book is beautifully illustrated by a long-time missionary from England to Africa whose works are widely known in Africa and England. His paintings present sympathetically and warmly the story Dr. Sayre tells. (Cloth, \$2.50; paper, \$1.25.)

Jungles Ahead! by Esther D. Horner, presents six spell-binding stories about living Africans who grew to spiritual maturity under the guidance of Christian missionaries. Mrs. Horner knows as close friends the persons whose stories are presented. She is therefore able to trace intimately the feelings expressed to her because she had their confidence. In the stories she relates how these persons thought and felt when faced with the implications of another religion and society. This authentic book is well illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge, who has traveled widely in Africa. Its high emotional quality and its factual reporting make it suitable for program use, reading, dramatization or reviewing. (Cloth \$2.00, paper \$1.25.)

◆ ◆ ◆
Chama's Choice, by Esma Rideout, is the story of an African boy, written for the junior high school level. Chama is confronted with two problems, and in his decision he solves both of them. One has to do with his desire for higher education, the other involves a witch doctor. The intriguing plot will hold the reader's interest. (Cloth, \$2.00; paper, \$1.25.)

◆ ◆ ◆
Nyanga's Two Villages, by Esma Rideout Booth, was written for boys and girls of junior age. Here the author of *Chama's Choice*, writing under her married name, tells how an African boy, caught between the conflicting views of two generations, solves his problem. It is a story of adventure and of Nyanga's struggle to live by moral principle. Though he feels the call to manhood strongly within him, he finds that he would rather spend most of his time learning to hunt and acquiring greater knowledge of the ways of the jungle. (Cloth, \$2.00.)

◆ ◆ ◆
Mpengo of the Congo, by Grace W. McGavran, is a charming story for primary children. It is about a little African boy who became a hero in his adopted village in the heart of the continent. When his family, who were Christians, came to live in the village, they were received by some but not by most of the inhabitants. Among the latter were the witch doctor and certain others with vested interests. Many exciting things happen, in the course of which he and his family bring about a change in almost the entire village. Mpengo's conduct elicited the admiration of everyone, especially when he insisted that a broken leg would not be cured by magic but that it could be cured by the use of new medical knowledge. He was right, as events showed, and his insistence and faith contributed to the conversion of some of the older inhabitants to the new ideas. (Cloth, \$2.00; paper, \$1.25.)

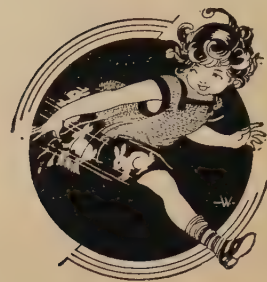
◆ ◆ ◆
The Moffats, by Ethel Daniels Hubbard, is the perennially interesting story of the pioneer missionaries to Africa, Robert and Mary Moffat. The adventure, love and great courage of the two young missionaries who plunged into Africa even before the adventure of Livingstone, is told with charm, and gives an insight into the Africa of early days. It was their daughter who became Livingstone's wife.

This book, which appeals to young people and adults, should be in every church's missionary library. While not a new book, it now comes out in new format and jacket. (Cloth, \$2.50; paper, \$1.25.)



THE INVITATION

Come to my Party



THE RESPONSE

I JUST COULDN'T give Peter a birthday party this year—not after last time! The children wandered all over the house and the boys got into fights. Some of my best dishes were broken, and it took me a week to clean the house afterward,” my friend moaned. “And you can’t spank other people’s children!”

You can’t spank them, but you can keep them happy and well behaved.

Plan a Program for Your Party. This is the basic rule for making it a success. You wouldn’t try to go into a schoolroom to teach a group of lively under-twelve youngsters, with no idea what their activities for the day should be. When you invite a dozen children into your home for a party you should be prepared to play teacher, mother and playground director to the group. Adults often enjoy “just talk,” but children want to do things. Normal children have an amazing amount of energy to expend and every mother knows that “a busy child is a happy child.”

A List of Games, planned in advance, is a great help. You may not follow your list to the letter, but if you have one written out and thumb-tacked in some convenient place, like the back of the kitchen door, you can glance at it as you go along.

Something Old and Something New . . . Active Games, and Quiet Ones, too. That’s a good slogan for the hostess to keep in mind as she makes out her list. Children, especially first and second grade

How to give a successful children’s party

youngsters, delight in playing games they know, like **Drop the Handkerchief**, **London Bridge** and **Farmer in the Dell**. Ask your own child what games his playmates know and like. You can safely make up half your entertainment of such games. The younger the guests, the simpler the games and the shorter the time each game will hold the children’s interest. In planning a party for six- to nine-year-olds, fifteen minutes is about right for each game. The attention span of younger children is still shorter, but the older youngsters who can manage more complicated games will enjoy playing them longer. As soon as you see the first signs of boredom, start something new; then things are likely to run smoothly. But never stop one while everyone is still fascinated by it. It is a good idea to have two or three more games on your list than are likely to be needed. Then you won’t run out of entertaining things to do.

Alternate Active and Not-so-active Games, for worn-out and “cranky” young guests may be the source of calamity. After a ring game or lively hunt, suggest sitting at a big table to play **Up Jenkins**, or play **Poor Pussy**, in which everybody except Pussy sits down. Schedule the quietest game on the list before refreshments. If a good storyteller is available, have the children sit on the floor in a circle, kindergarten

style, for a story. If you know somebody who can do some magic parlor tricks, have him do so while you get the party table ready. **Simon Says Thumbs Up** or **I Packed My Trunk** will serve to keep the excited children from getting under your feet and will let them relax a little before gathering for the birthday cake. Even the best-behaved children are excited at a party.

Some Special Features add to the joy of a party. Children love things to take home, and they need not cost much. Dime-store toys or homemade favors, if you are clever at making such things, will delight youngsters as much as diamond-studded watches. A **Peanut Hunt** with a couple of small prizes is sure-fire fun and a **Fish Pond** from which everybody pulls out some trifle will delight young guests. Any variant of **Pin the Tail on the Donkey** is likely to be greeted with whoops of joy. A puppet show, or a home movie with the right sort of subject matter, may also be used. But don’t let it be too long! Never depend on a “show” to solve the whole problem of entertainment. Remember that children would rather *do* things themselves than see somebody else cut the most amusing capers.

Time Your Party. This rule is important if things are to go smoothly. You can put the hours on the invitations. “From two until five” is about right for six- to twelve-year-olds. A two-hour party is better for youngsters un-

(Continued on page 47.)

Indoor Plays for Mother's Busy Days



THIS . . .



NOT THIS . . .

*Practical ideas,
imaginatively contrived*

DURING THE WINTER MONTHS, when the older children are in school, the little tots have trouble keeping themselves occupied, and the mother's ingenuity is often taxed to the limit to devise new ways of play in answer to the frequent question, "What can we do now?"

With very young children, or those not accustomed to playing alone, the mother's assistance may be necessary to a certain extent. The little minds must be stored with play material before they can carry out play plans of their own, but if Mother has a list of suggestions handy to which she can turn without interfering too much with her regular duties, both time and tempers may be saved.

Active games should be alternated with more quiet ones.

Can You Do This?—The mother places an inverted tin cup on a chair about the height of the child. On the cup she puts a small rubber ball. She then explains that the child is to stand across the room from the cup and ball, put his left hand over his left eye, and hold his right arm straight out in front of him with the forefinger extended. In this way he is to walk across the room and push the ball from the cup, using only the end of the extended finger. When he manages to do this with his right-hand finger and left eye

shut, then he is to do the same stunt with his right eye shut and left finger extended. Any number of children can take turns in this game.

Nail Pictures.—If you have an old window screen with the wire still tacked to the frame, provide each child with a handful of shingle nails, and they will have a delightful time trying to make pictures, or printing their names on the wire of the screen by sticking the nails through the wires in the right places to form letters or figures. The screen should be laid on blocks of wood, or books on the floor to keep the nails from touching the floor when they are poked through the wire. It will prove interesting if each child outlines something like a bird or dog, and the others guess what it is intended to represent.

Wonders may be accomplished with a needle and thread. Buttons, popcorn, cranberries and short pieces of macaroni may be strung together, to make nice necklaces. For the very young "high-chair" child, if a bit of molasses or sticky syrup is rubbed over the finger tips and a bright-colored feather or two are placed lightly on the sticky substance, the child will work contentedly for a long time trying to get rid of the feathers. For, of course,

when he picks a feather off one finger, it immediately sticks to another one. An old alarm clock, or any mechanical device that may be taken apart and put together again, will generally please a restless boy.

Bean-bag games have been a means of entertainment since "away back when," but perhaps even Mother has not played the **Bean Bag Obstacle Game.** The mother points out different objects about the room that are to be used as obstacles—a straight chair, a small table, a sofa pillow placed on the floor, and a plate of cookies or graham crackers are examples of what the obstacles may be. Balancing the bean bag on his head, the child is to see if he can climb over the seat of the chair, crawl under the table, kneel down on the sofa pillow, get up again, get a cookie from the plate on the floor and eat it—all without dropping the bean bag.

Fishing.—Screw small screw eyes into the tops of bottle corks. Weight them by driving tacks in the opposite end to make the screw eyes stay on top. To make the rod and line, tie a string to a pencil or straight sticks, and on the other end of the string fasten a bent pin for a hook. Give one to each of the players. Now with a shallow pan of water for a lake, the scene is all set for the young

(Continued on page 44.)

Indoor Plays

(From page 43.)

fishermen. The bathtub makes a real ocean.

Toy balloons make wonderful playthings for the young child because there are so many games that can be played with them. Only a few can be mentioned here. Draw a chalk line across the floor at one end of the room about two feet from the wall (a string tightly stretched between two chairs answers the same purpose); then have the child try to fan the balloon over the line, using a palm leaf fan or a piece of cardboard.

One of the heavier, more durable balloons will make a good punching bag for a child of pre-school age. Attach a cord to the balloon and fasten the other end of the cord to a book or heavy weight and lay it on the floor. Adjust the length of the cord to the height of the child so that he can hit it easily.

Empty spools will provide no end of amusement. Two smooth-spinning tops can easily be made from one spool. First, saw the spool through the middle; then whittle the part nearest the sawed center almost to a point. Now, tightly wedge a sharpened stick through the hole to make a point on which to spin it. Little wagons, fences, bridges, houses, garages, and numerous other things may be made from a little good stiff cardboard.

If the child has no companions to play with, encourage him to have imaginary playmates. He will enjoy them almost as much as real ones. Besides, there will be much less friction, and no quarrels for Mother to settle! Here is a plan of procedure:

In the center of a small barrel hoop suspend a bell with a clapper that will ring when hit with a soft rubber ball. Then hang the hoop in a doorway. Ask the child to choose the names of little imaginary playmates he would like to have to play with him. If, for example, he wants Jimmy, Johnny and Freddy to be his playmates, then the mother writes each name at the top of a sheet of paper and lays the four sheets on top of a low table. It is Jimmy's turn first; so the child throws the ball for Jimmy, trying to make it go through the hoop and hit the bell at the same time. If the bell rings, he makes two straight marks on Jimmy's paper. If the ball goes through the hoop without ringing the bell, he gives Jimmy one mark, and no mark at all if the ball misses the hoop altogether. The child next throws the ball for Johnny; then for Freddy, and last of all for himself, because, of course, the other boys are his guests. Mother may have to help him total the scores when he is tired of playing, but he is sure to be pleased with the final score, whichever one wins.

Many, many are the ways for saving time and tempers, and for making the life of a pre-school child enjoyable. And these suggestions are only starters for a mother's own ideas.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram, page 22.

"But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly."—Matt. 6: 3, 4 (KJV).

The Words

A Tenth	N Shorty
B Both	O Sarah
C Stitch	P Hefty
D Chatted	Q Money
E Feeble	R Slanted
F Pitched	S Halted
G Neigh	T Norway
H Wreath	U Mount
I Hearty	V Washed
J Shelf	W Hunted
K Within	X Throat
L Helmet	Y Small
M When	Z Links

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

(From page 19.)

Scrambled Twosomes

1. C	11. K
2. F	12. H
3. I	13. A
4. T	14. D
5. S	15. P
6. R	16. M
7. Q	17. J
8. O	18. G
9. N	19. E
10. L	20. B

Bible Quiz

1. The Upper Room—Mark 14:15.
2. The Good Samaritan—Luke 10:35.
3. For Elisha—2 Kings 4:11.
4. Joash—2 Kings 11:2.
5. David—1 Samuel 19:12, 13.
6. The ten plagues—Exodus 8:3.
7. Daniel—Daniel 6:10.
8. Ishbosheth—2 Samuel 4:7.
9. The Holy Family—Luke 2:7.
10. Simon the Pharisee—Luke 7:36.

ACCIDENTS IN THE HOME

IN 1951*

Totals

27,700—killed.
4,200,000—injured.

Causes of Deaths

- 14,700—falls. Highest fatality rate among those 65 and older.
5,000—fire burns and suffocation. Highest fatality rate among 1- to 4-year-olds. According to the St. Louis Safety Council, the highest fatality rate in home fires in that city was among small children and old people.
1,450—mechanical suffocation. Highest fatality rate: under one year.
1,250—poison (solids and fluids).
1,000—poisonous gas.
900—firearms.

*From *Accident Facts, 1951*, published by the National Safety Council. Courtesy the St. Louis Safety Council.—I.P.B.

Scrubby Tail

(From page 26.)

Scrubby felt warm and happy inside. He decided to keep his new friend a secret. He did not say a word to his brothers and mother when they scrambled into their nest for an afternoon nap.

Scrubby had just curled himself into a warm little ball and was sleepily closing his eyes when *Crash! Bang! Scrapel!* sounded on the roof of the church.

Scrubby jumped from the nest. So did his mother and his brothers. They crawled to the hole which was the door of their home and peeked out.

"They are workmen," Mother Squirrel gasped softly to her sons. "They have come to repair the church."

"But they won't hurt us if we're quiet, will they, Mother?" Scrubby Tail asked.

"Oh, no, Scrubby, they won't hurt us," Mother said, and now she was almost in tears, "but they will be sure to see this hole in the steeple. They'll put a patch over it and clear away our warm nest."

When Mother said this, Scrubby and his brothers looked very sadly at one another.

Mother began to pick up bits of string and little strips of cloth from their nest and stuff them in her mouth. Finally, she motioned for Scrubby and his brothers to follow as she started for the door.

Scrubby was behind her. He looked out the hole and saw a workman's foot almost ten inches from his nose. He felt like ducking back into the old nest, but Mother's look said "No" very kindly but very firmly.

"We will run out the hole, one at a time," Mother Squirrel whispered. "Then we will jump onto the nearest limb and climb to the top of the elm tree. We can watch from there."

They were just ready to run, when a loud voice called from one of the church windows. "Workmen! O workmen!"

Scrubby knew that voice. It belonged to his new friend, the preacher of the church. Mother waited. The workmen had stopped their noises to listen.

Then the preacher of the church said, "Don't bother with the little hole in the steeple. It does no harm. I know a friendly little squirrel who lives in there and I don't want him to move. You'll know him if you see him because he has a short tail."

The workmen moved away to the other side of the roof.

Mother Squirrel looked at Scrubby.

"'Friendly squirrel,'" she said.

"Why, that's you, Scrubby. You've saved our home for us."

Scrubby had never been so happy.

"And Scrubby," Mother Squirrel went on to say as she scurried about the nest, putting in order the paper and cloth which she had torn from it a few minutes ago, "I like that name 'Friendly.' It fits you. I think we are going to change your name. We will call you 'Friendly.'"

STUDY GUIDE

on "When We Go to Church Together"

by ELIZABETH NORTON JONES

—Study Article, page 14

I. Leader's Preparation:

1. The leader should ask everyone to read the study article before the meeting. If everyone does not have a copy, the magazine should be made available in the church library and subscribers should be asked to share their copies with others.

2. The meeting might well be divided into three parts: (a) a general discussion or review of the article by the leader; (b) a round-table discussion by one member from each of several church families, to evaluate for their own families the various parts of the church program; (c) an open discussion of the specific phases of the church program and of any need for further family-centered emphasis. Or (b) and (c) may be combined if necessary.

3. The leader or someone he appoints might list in advance the parts of the church program which contribute to family unity. He might also list those which tend to detract from the togetherness of the family.

II. Consideration of the Article:

1. *Families are drawn together as they worship together.*

a) What worship experience in your church are provided with families in mind?

b) Does the way a family approaches church attendance have any bearing on the effect such attendance has on the unity of that family?

c) How can a family best prepare for worship at church?

d) How can it continue the sense of togetherness after church worship?

2. *Families are drawn together as they work for the same cause.*

a) In what way does planning the financial stewardship of the family influence the unity of the family?

b) Does it make a difference how tithes and offerings are handled?

c) Many families complain that there are so many different church meetings for various members of the family that they disrupt family life. How can that result be avoided?

3. *Families are drawn together when they live by the same ideals.*

a) Consider briefly teachings of the church that would challenge a family.

b) Consider effect upon family unity when both parents and children follow the same teachings.

c) Is there added authority in the minds of the children when the same ideals are discussed both at church and at home?

III. Round-Table Discussion:

1. Allow two or three minutes for each member of the panel to tell of the phase of the church program which has contributed most to his own family oneness. If all seem to choose the same phase, recall others to their minds.

2. If time permits, ask each member to tell whether any part of the church program seriously detracts from family unity.

a) Can it be changed, or must each family recognize the effect and make the necessary adjustments themselves?

b) How could your church contribute more to the families of your church?

c) If there are families in your church which do not attend church together, how can they be shown the value of such attendance?

WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a story hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in making articles. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, or in such books as *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser.

Direct games. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books, such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Millen, and *Games for Boys and Girls*, by Harbin.

Lead a missionary project. For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York, and Disciples, to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

IV. Evaluation of Your Own Church Program:

1. Consider the suggestions made during the round-table discussion.

2. If an activity detracts from the unity of the family, consider how it might be changed.

3. The following are examples of family-centered programs of various churches. Evaluate them for your own church.

a) One church school observes Children's Day by meeting together in the church sanctuary. Individual children speak pieces or sing songs. The whole family goes to hear their own children. Everyone enjoys the program, for the children are "cute" and each one has a part.

Another church school observes Children's Day by holding the children's classes as usual. The adults visit their children's classes and take part in whatever may be going on at the moment. The children plan for the "open house," arranging flowers and books and pictures so that their rooms are pretty. The visits of the adults are scheduled so that all do not visit the same department at the same time.

b) When Christian Family Week is observed in May, one church sends home a mimeographed booklet of suggestions for the family's observance of the week. There are special events at the church, such as a father-and-son banquet, a mother-and-daughter tea, and a Mother's Day celebration. The various boards and committees meet as usual.

Another church also sends home suggestions for Christian Family Week. But it cancels all church events except the family dinner and worship on Wednesday night. On Mother's Day, it stresses especially the idea of the family pew, with families attending together.

c) One church has a huge church school party once a year. Parents come with their children. There is open house in the departments so that parents can meet teachers and see the work that has been done. Then parents and children join in games, rounds and, finally, in the singing of a few hymns. All have refreshments together.

In another church each department has its own party on a separate Saturday in the spring. The parents usually bring the children and stay to watch. They enjoy the fun of the party and of fellowship with other parents.

V. Make specific plans to suggest to your Board of Christian Education or to your pastor.

By Candlelight

(From page 11.)

and sniffed until they seemed part of her, as though she, too, were beginning to bloom.

She put them in a black glass bowl in the center of the table. Then she had an even better idea. She would serve Daddy this special meal as though they were people in a book. Though Daddy wouldn't know, it would be a kind of celebration of the fact that she wasn't a child any more.

She would prove to him how really grown up and responsible she was. She made her preparations. He couldn't help noticing how she had tried to make this dinner special!

"Linda, you home?" His voice was nice and deep with a coming-home-greeting tone in it. That often was gone after he'd been home a little while—when he was impatient with her for a light she'd left on, or the paper laid where he couldn't find it.

But Daddy worked so hard and was so tired; she tried not to be angry with him.

"I'm in here, Daddy." Her voice sounded sweet and grown up in her ears, like the actress she'd watched last night at Lashbrooks' on the television.

Her father came to the kitchen door and said a little grumpily, "Wish your mother were here in the evening." Then sighing, "But we'll need the money in a few years and we can't wait until then to start getting it."

Linda had quit kissing him when he came home in the evenings as she had done when she was younger. But now she felt an impulse to comfort him for being without Mother, and she kissed him gently.

She wished that they could be just as they had been when she was ten and everything had been open and clear between them. If she were to tell him now about Bud, would he understand? Not that there was really anything to tell, since she didn't plan for one minute to go with him this evening.

He looked at her a little sharply and said, "You been up to something, Kid? All this affection?" Then rubbing his rough cheek against hers, he said, "How's my girl this evening? If we can't have Mother it's pretty nice, just the two of us, isn't it?"

The last made up a little for the first part of what he had said, the suspicion. At first she had felt herself shrink a little, resentful at his injustice, and had begun to put on her air of what he called "injured innocence."

"Dinner's ready when you are, Daddy."

As he went to change his clothes, for his work was dirty, she put the dinner on the kitchen table. It would be so much nicer if they could have a dining room.

Reaching up to the shelf where she had placed them in readiness, she carefully took down the black glass candleholders and placed them, one on each

side of the bowl of jonquils. Carefully she lighted them, then turned out the kitchen light and stood admiring them and the pretty table around them.

This was the way she would live when she was grown up and married. Then she would have everything the way she wanted it—a dining room, and a man across the table who appreciated the

**The reward of a
thing well done,
is to have done it.**

— Emerson

things she did, who loved her, and told her so over and over again.

Of course, her daddy loved her mother—you could see that when he missed her so—but it didn't seem that he ever told her so, not the way they did in the movies and on television. Of course, they were not young any more. Mother was thirty-three and Daddy thirty-five.

HER FATHER came down the hall which led to the kitchen, his steps dragging a little. As he reached the door he stopped and said, his voice a little loud in astonishment, "What is it, Linda? D'you burn out a fuse?"

His expression was impatient and he didn't seem to see the lovely table.

Linda fought back the tears and the angry words that came into her mind. Why couldn't he have *understood*? Why

Didn't he know how other people lived? did he have to be so blind, so *mean* when she wanted to please him, to have things so *nice* for him?

Didn't he want to live like *civilized* people himself? It was no use to try to please him, to show him that she could be a companion to him, if he wouldn't even *notice*!

It was hard to be sweet and dignified in the face of such blindness, but Linda kept in her mind her discovery that she was not a child and answered him with only patient kindness in her voice.

"No, Daddy, I just think it will be nice to eat by candlelight. The table looks so pretty, and the flowers. . . ." She knew there was almost a catch in her voice, but not enough for him to hear it.

He took two steps to the switch. Its sharp click seemed to burst the balloon of her happy adulthood. All of her joy in the spring, in having been admired by a young man, not a boy, her joy in the fragrance of the flowers—all of it was gone as completely as the festive air of the table.

In the glaring overhead light the black bowl and the candlesticks looked like

the ten-cent-store glass they were, as phony as her grown-up feeling now seemed. She felt young and inadequate again—and alone. This wasn't the father she'd been trying to find again, the one who had been so close and so dear before she grew up.

She felt her throat swell as she stood tense and still. She would not cry; she would not be the baby he believed her to be. But just let him think she was!

Tonight she would go to Alice's and when Bud drove by, as he had said he would, she'd go riding with him. *He* was grown up, and he didn't treat her like a child!

And it would be Daddy's fault—all of it. Because he didn't really love her or he would understand what this had meant to her, how hard she had tried to make the evening nice for him, to make up for Mother not being there. He would be sorry.

SHE TURNED AWAY from her father's eyes, and as she turned she saw, all at once, that they seemed not harsh and uncaring as she had thought. There was a light in them like the one she remembered he had had for her when she fell and hurt herself.

Like the night she had broken her arm, and the doctor hadn't been sure until the next morning that it was broken. And her father had held her on his lap all night, and when he held her it had not hurt half so badly. It had been as if he had taken some of the hurt into himself.

But she had been little then. Maybe fathers loved their daughters more when they were small and sweet, before they began to think for themselves and to have feelings that could be hurt.

Still half turned away from him, she stood and felt the warm tears overflow her eyes and roll slowly down her face, then splash onto her lifted hand.

She saw his hand go out in a quick little gesture as he turned the switch and shut off the glare of the light overhead.

Again the table glowed with the yellow light of the candles and the jonquils. She seemed to be standing in the very midst of their fragrance mingled ever so slightly with the odor of the candles burning.

She waited, still half turned away from him. But she felt a warmth replace the coldness, the loneliness she had felt. Again the flowers and their lovely odor seemed to belong to her, to be all around and through her.

Now he came over and, taking her hand, led her to the table. Pulling out her chair, he stood behind it until she was seated.

Then in his chair across from her, surprise in his loving voice, and pleasure, too, he said, "You are grown up tonight, Linda, and as pretty as the jonquils. Would you like to go somewhere after we do the dishes?"

And she said with dignity, and a great feeling of peace and decision, "Thank you very much, Daddy, I'd love to."

Family Life in India

(From page 8.)

do nothing for them, preferring to lose her only son rather than risk losing her own place in the Santal community. Even as Ram pleaded with her, they heard angry voices approaching. With trembling hearts, the young Christians hid in a near-by cornfield.

"If Ram comes here, you must break his legs somehow, so that he cannot escape us." Thus Salome's relatives instructed Ram's mother. And the pursuers started off on the trail of the two believers.

"We cannot take you in," the Christians in another village cried. "They would surely find you here. Go on to the pastor's house, he will know what to do." And again on into the deepening Indian night Ram and Salome ran, knowing that the blood-thirsty pack would be following close behind them.

"They will come here looking for you," said the pastor. "Go on to Sundardi, and as soon as possible I'll meet you and give you further instructions." And on again they sped, now gasping for breath, now pausing for a few terrified moments to gain back their strength. As they rested on the lonely road, Salome said fearfully, "Ram, let us go into the jungle lest they come by this road." No sooner had they got in the slight shelter than the party of Santals arrived, and stood near them, debating what direction the victims had gone. Their pounding hearts would surely betray their hiding place, thought Ram! When they finally got to Sundardi, the pastor met them and sent them on to Bhimpore, the nearest mission station.

They arrived in Bhimpore, some sixty miles away, dirty, bedraggled and thoroughly exhausted. Their story amazed the missionaries and nationals alike, and, in something like awe, they provided them with fresh, clean clothes and welcomed them. Thus were they finally baptized. Can you imagine their joy as they consummated in outward expression that inner belief in the saving grace of Jesus? Perhaps none of us can, save Ram and Salome themselves, who arose out of those waters, new creatures in Him, ready to face what might come—be it persecution, yea, even death.

There has to be a sequel to such a story. It couldn't end there! Eventually, as their faith and belief matured, they were led into a fuller service for the Master. Ram, who had had very little schooling, went on for more study. Finally, they went to Midnapore to attend Bible school, and then to the Cuttack Seminary for further training. Today, we find Ram a pastor in a flourishing Christian community, in the same area from which he and Salome had fled so many years ago, a living witness to the fact "the Lord is my Light and my Salvation. . . !"

Twenty-five years have passed and they now have two fine sons; some of the very people who joined in persecuting them have accepted Christ, and all accept

Ram. For no one doubts the love and godliness in this Santal Christian home. Ram and Salome were ready to die for their deep desire to establish a truly Christian home, and, by God's grace, they have proven again and again their willingness to *live* for Him!

Emotional Contagion

(From page 31.)

ago. But she is pursuing it with courage and confidence. She is able to do this because the strength of God came into her soul when she gave herself to him.

This faith and confidence in the goodness of God is the choicest possession that one can have. In spite of rejection and discord, to know that God is and that he *cares*—that is real health to the soul. Many people who have literally been thrown out on the world, alone and afraid, have risen above their unhappy origins, gained poise and confidence in themselves, and have lived successful and happy lives through the simple but profound expediency of finding and knowing God as their loving and forgiving heavenly Father.

The Christian in Politics

(From page 3.)

government where the need of Christian influence is probably more sorely needed than at any other level. It is also into local governmental responsibilities that devoted Christians are at present least likely to enter. It is time this condition ceased to exist.

It is time Christians stopped withholding from *any* phase of life the full influence of their Master's gospel and commandments. Surely if they care about the future of their children they cannot longer fail to bring that influence to bear upon the decisions—largely political ones—which are even now shaping their destiny. Christians in the past have largely defaulted upon this duty. They can default no longer.

The way of the Christian in politics is no easy one. It is beset with soul-

searching decisions, one after another. And seldom are the issues plain enough for him to be sure that he is wholly right in the decision he makes. But this is part of the burden of Christian duty. And the more difficult the task, the greater the challenge and, in the long run, the reward.

Come to My Party

(From page 42.)

der six. If it is a birthday party, you can safely allow the first fifteen minutes for the arrival of the guests and the opening of presents. Then start a game that everybody knows—and change games about every fifteen minutes, adjusting the length of time as necessary. Schedule your "very special" game, something with prizes or a little "show," about midway between the beginning of the party and refreshment time. If you plan more than one prize game, space them among the more ordinary bits of entertainment, instead of bunching them. Don't try to have too many "special" things. It may be confusing to the younger guests—and children enjoy the old stand-bys as much as you did when you were seven or nine.

Pick Your Guests. It is easy to spoil a party by assembling guests of too wide an age range. Children of about the same age enjoy the same things—and no children enjoy themselves as much when there are extra adults or babies at "their" party. Have the mothers in for tea on a different afternoon. Don't invite more children than your house will hold comfortably. Six to a dozen children have a better time together than twenty-five or thirty, and children who are used to playing together will enter into party activities with more zest than youngsters who are strange to each other.

Have an Assistant Hostess. It takes two able-bodied adults to manage a children's party with ease and elegance. You can manage alone if you have endless ingenuity and eyes in the back of your head. But things will usually run better if your mother, big daughter or best friend is present to help out. Of course, she should be thoroughly familiar with your party plans in advance. At least try to have some other adult around to take over group activities while you get the refreshments on the party table or distributed on laps.

One Final Game after Refreshments works well. If you can, make it a Fish-Pond type of game. It is not too active, and it will easily solve the problem of furnishing a small toy for each child to carry home. Then your guests will leave happy—and feeling ready to start for home and show off their prizes.

Plan Your Party in Advance and in as much detail as possible. Then, when the guests arrive, relax and have fun with them. You may be surprised to find how easy it is to give a bang-up children's party—and how much fun everybody has, including the hostess.

BEATEN PATH

Let January breezes

Have their frigid fling;

Imagination teases

Me with thought of spring,

For snowfall's white perfection

Whirling toward the lake

Knows just which direction

Apple-blossoms take!

—RAY ROMINE



January Jottings

. . . Greetings to thee in '53! (That, Friends, is as close to the gentle art of poesy as we can come. It is evidence of the great gulf fixed between this sample and everything that can truly be labelled poetry!) . . . The month of January takes us into the new year, and that is why it is given its name. The first month of the year is named after the Roman god Janus, the god of beginnings. He was represented on ancient Roman coins as two-faced, looking in two opposite directions at once. In the Emperor Hadrian's time Janus appears as four-faced. (Are these the source of our expressions of duplicity, "two-faced" and "four-flusher"?) At any rate, Janus is symbolic of a valuable custom practiced by many at this time of year—a survey of the past and a look to the future. However, we have not been sold on the idea of making resolutions, which is the custom of some at this season. It is a good thing to set certain goals and objectives to strive toward, but for the making of the proverbial resolutions we hold no brief. . . . *Remember!* Although ice and snow on the roads were responsible for only 3.5 per cent of the fatal accidents in 1951, they were the cause of 80,000 accidents. SO-O-O! Double your caution, halve your speed, and equip your car for maximum traction.

You Know the Answer, Now!

When you read this, a new President and a new administration will be taking over the reins of government (a horse-and-buggy metaphor in an automotive, jet-propelled generation). This is written a full month before the election, when the heat of the campaign is beginning to reach the atomic fission point.

Whichever candidate has been successful, it is likely that he was elected by a small minority of our population. Present estimates are that less than 55 per cent of our electorate will have gone to the polls on November 4, the poorest showing of any country that still allows elections. There is every reason to believe that democracy in our country will not reach the pinnacle of its strength until a much large percentage of

qualified voters take their responsibilities more seriously and intelligently.

May "That Man in the White House," whoever he is, be given guidance from Above that will lead the nation through the coming years to the fullest and highest expression of our historic democratic idealism.

It Isn't Smart!

Thirty-three years ago the United States entered into "The Noble Experiment."

Twenty years ago that experiment was repealed by a vote of less than twenty-five per cent of the electorate.

In view of the fact that drinking of alcoholic beverages is at a higher level than ever before in our history, it is good to know that many famous persons insist that "it's smarter not to drink."

Among them, *Allied Youth*, a temperance organization for high school young people, tells us that leading football players take this stand. Among the hundreds that so testify are such well-known "footballers" as Babe Parilli, Kentucky; Hank Lauricella, Tennessee; Jim Weatherall, Oklahoma; Johnny Karrass, Illinois; Billy Burkhalter, Rice; Les Richter, California.

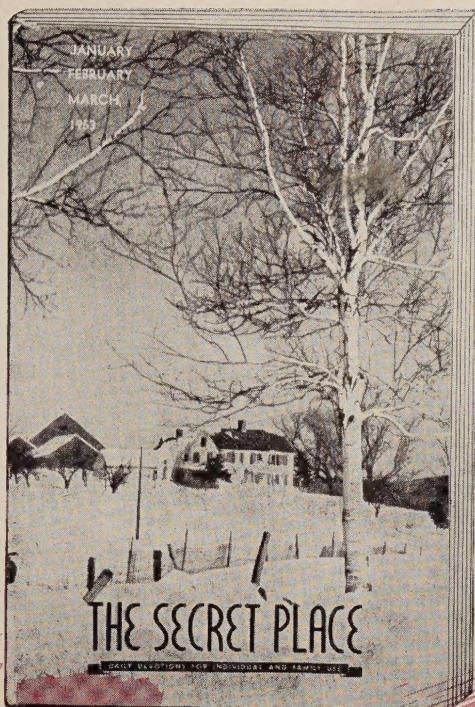
The "Grand Old Man of Football," A. A. Stagg, puts it in so many words, "At 90 years of age, I wish to reaffirm my enthusiastic belief in total abstinence from alcoholic drinks. Any youth who hopes to grow up healthy and strong had better say a firm 'No, thank you' to cocktails. Why put poison into your system? Give your body a fair break, also give yourself and your future a fair break."

It just isn't smart to drink.

Where There's Smoke?

In 1914 only 608 men and women died of cancer of the lung. Now nearly 25,000 die each year of the same disease. There is more than a suspicion that this tremendous increase is closely related to the increase in the use of cigarettes. Medical authorities in England and America are convinced excessive smoking is a large contributing cause.

Is it really smart to smoke?



**FAITH is
the sure foundation
of the successful Home**

How strong is your Prayer Chain?

ONE OF ITS strongest links is this little pocket-size book of devotional materials. Through the daily prayer habit the home grows stronger with that quiet strength that withstands all blows, family ties tighten against all separation. Use THE SECRET PLACE, with your Bible, every day whether your prayer time is solitary or in the family group.

A GIFT SUGGESTION: Use THE SECRET PLACE in two ways—send individual copies to friends as a greeting; or give one-year subscriptions as gifts to friends, relatives, and to that boy or girl who is in the service a long way from home.

The American Baptist Publication Society
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Christian Board of Publication
2700 Pine Blvd., St. Louis 3, Mo.

THE SECRET PLACE

EACH 10c COPY

*In lots of 5 or more
mailed to one address.*

*Individual subscription
(4 issues), postpaid in
U.S.A. or Canada—50c
per year.*

Single copy—15c.

Your Bookshelf Is a Mirror



THE BORROWED GLOW

By Richard Ellsworth Day. Daily personal devotions of a wise, tender, tactful friend who wants you to share the secret of happy living. A year of appropriate Bible passages and brief discussions. \$2.50

THE DISCIPLES

By B. A. Abbott. One of the finest analyses ever written of the doctrine, plea and practice of Disciples of Christ, giving special attention to the thoughts and times of early pioneers and to the methods and needs of our generation. An ideal book for home and class study. \$2.00

BE GLAD YOU'RE A PROTESTANT!

By Harry C. Munro. A little book that will go far in transforming young people and adults from Protestants by parentage into Protestants by intelligent choice and firm conviction. Subjects discussed include Protestant salvation, authority, priesthood, freedom, future and responsibility. \$1.50

A MAN CAN KNOW GOD

By John Henry Strong. How God has guided the life of a man for nearly fifty years. Dr. Strong came to know God and in that knowledge came to regard time as sacred and humanity as holy. \$2.00

CONGO CAMEOS

By Catharine L. Mabie, M.D. Real-life adventure in darkest Africa; dramatic, delightful, vivid! The challenging autobiography of a Baptist woman doctor. Forty years in mission work, sketches of Congolese friends, and vignettes of Belgian Congo life. \$2.50

JOYFUL JOURNEY

By Isabel Crawford. An autobiography of a pioneer missionary who, in spite of hardships and handicaps, always retains her sense of humor. One of the earliest missionaries to the Kiowas in Oklahoma, she has led many Indians to "put their feet on the Jesus Way." A book the whole family will enjoy. \$2.50

BETTER CHURCH LEADERS

By George V. Moore. A fresh approach to problems of developing a more informed and consecrated leadership in the church. Concrete suggestions for the officers of the church together with an analysis of the qualifications and duties of their offices. Planned for busy lay leaders! \$1.50

THE FUTURE IS NOW

By Homer W. Carpenter. A dynamic appeal for each of us to do our part in building a world capable of surviving. Practical ideas to guide us in returning to the principles upon which our country was founded, in solving problems of race and color and a divided church of God, in achieving a political renaissance, and in educating people for peace. \$2.50

LIKE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS

By Jack Finegan. Eighteen dynamic devotional essays for high school and college age youth emphasizing the need of working for international cooperation, racial equality, wider sharing of economic opportunity and winning the world for Christ. Simple picturesque style! \$2.00

CHRISTIAN JOURNALISM FOR TODAY

Edited by Benjamin P. Browne. A who-who-how-why-where manual, practical and timely, for writers and editors in the field of Christian journalism. A stimulating and indispensable resource book for the novice and for the professional writer seeking to become a better craftsman. These 41 significant addresses were delivered at the Christian Writers' and Editors' Conferences held 1948-51. \$3.50

SOME TIME EVERY DAY

By Mabel A. Niedermeyer. Thoughtful Scripture selections, prayers for special occasions, and poems planned to help boys and girls 9 to 11 years old understand basic Christian beliefs as principles for daily living. Children may read the book alone or families may use it for devotions. \$1.50

FLAGELLANT ON HORSEBACK

By Richard Ellsworth Day. The stirring story of one man's selfless devotion. David Brainerd, pioneer Baptist missionary of Colonial days. A deeply moving story of a man who conquered the wilderness and endured untold hardships in his ministry to the American Indians. Authentically documented, illustrated! \$3.00

Order from Your Own Church Publishing House

CHRISTIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION
2700 Pine Blvd., St. Louis 3, Mo.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.